

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

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- A Mother Faces Prejudice—*Nora Jiles Hill*
- Mrs. Housewife, Meet the Master—*Leonard Brummett*

January 1951

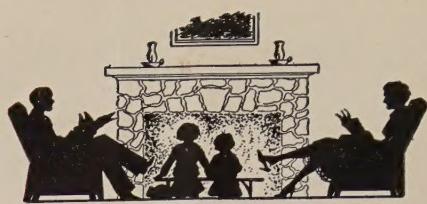
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The H 109430 Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

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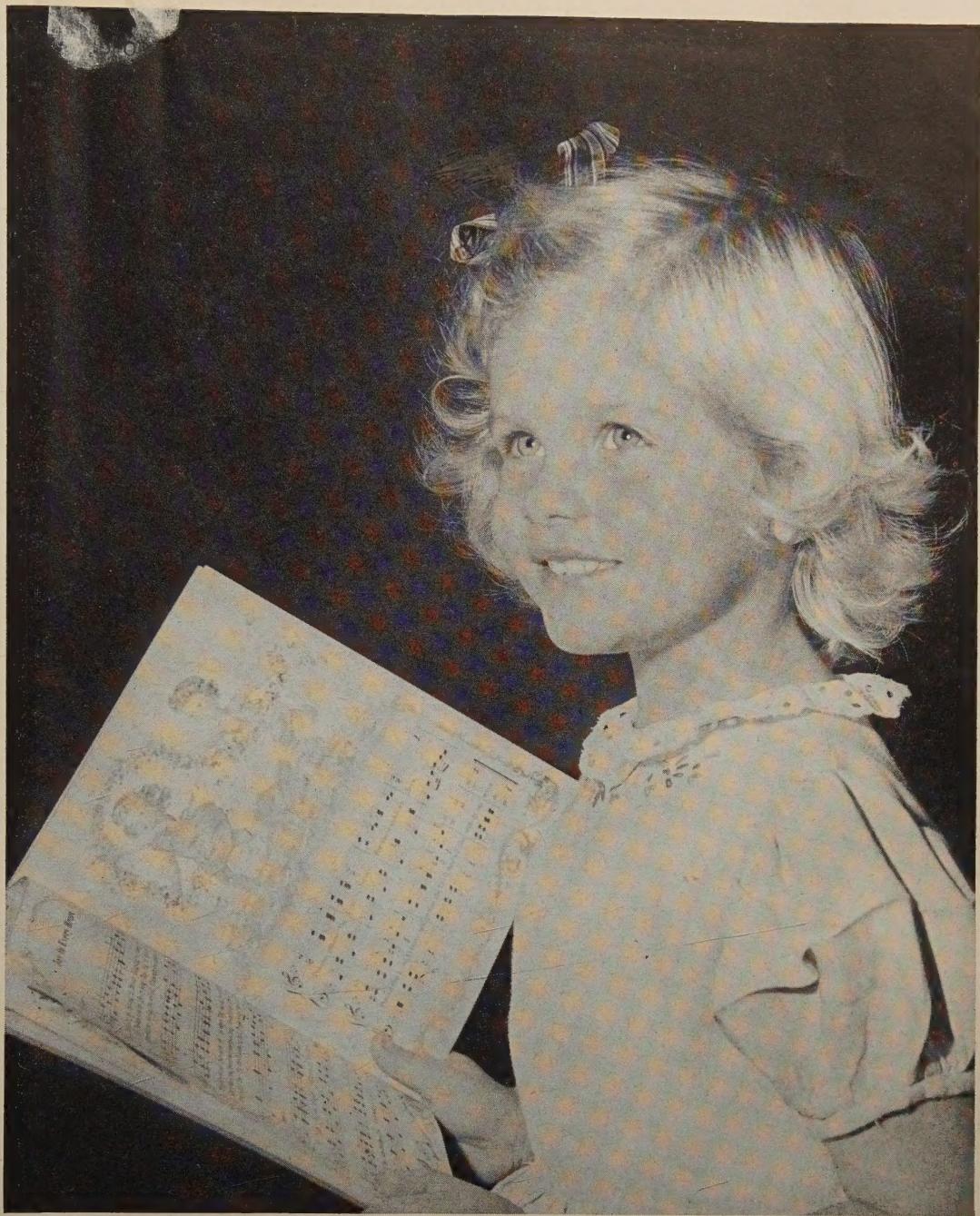
Fireside Chat . . .

Hearthstone presents the first of a series of twelve character sketches of outstanding personalities written by Thomas Curtis Clark—well-known poet, anthologist of American poetry and former Literary Editor of *The Christian Century*. After reading the inspiring "Woodrow Wilson, Product of a Christian Home," you will be waiting for the story of February's outstanding personality—Marie Curie.

You will find on page 12 a frank discussion of the problems of the alcoholic and his family. Those who are closest to him, by acting wisely, may be those who can help him most. The author, Frank T. Hoadley, is the pastor of the Blue Hills Baptist Church in Hartford, Connecticut.

"...if your child is going to be able to say, "My mom and dad understand me and the world in which I live," you must "Know Your Child's Teacher." How parents may accomplish this is described on page 4 by Stanly J. Keach, minister of the Second Baptist Church of Palmer, Massachusetts.

Today, when the well-being of the world's tomorrow is so much dependent upon, not how Americans speak Christianity and democracy, but upon how they practice it, the problems touched upon in "A Mother Faces Prejudice," are every Christian's problems. The author, Nora Jiles Hill, is the wife of the Director of the Baptist Educational Center in Harlem, New York City.



—Eva Luoma.

A New Song . . .

Thus saith the Lord, he that created the heavens, and stretched them forth; he that spread abroad the earth and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein: I, the Lord, have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thy hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon, and them that sit in darkness out of the prisonhouse. I am the Lord, that is my name; and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise unto graven images. Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare; before they spring forth I tell you of them.

Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth; ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein, the isles, and the inhabitants thereof. Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit; let the inhabitants of Sela sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains. Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise in the islands.

—Isaiah 42:5-12.

A Word from *The Word*





—The Woodrow Wilson Foundation.

Woodrow Wilson,

THE IMPORTANCE OF the home is emphasized by a study of those men and women who have attained greatness. With few exceptions they have come from homes in which ideals were found, and most of them had fathers and

mothers of character and true worth. Genuine greatness does not usually spring out of a barren ground; it has its roots in the rich earth of domestic idealism and sterling character.

Washington, leaving for his life work, was admonished by his

Product of a
CHRISTIAN HOME

mother never to forget to pray; and the great American did not forget, for he sought Divine Providence continually as he met the crises of war and statesmanship. Lincoln testified: "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." Benjamin Franklin wrote the inscription for the graves of his parents, and in it he paid this tribute: "He was a pious and prudent man, she a discreet and virtuous woman." And Franklin once said: "Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second will be what thou wilt." Napoleon Bonaparte is condemned as a devastating warrior, but he was not without some wisdom; for he said: "Let France have good mothers, and she will have good sons."

It is surprising to find how many of the great ones of the world came from the homes of ministers; homes in which Christian ideals had first place, homes in which character was something most to be prized. And Woodrow Wilson, whose figure attained world fame during the First World War and whose visions of a veritable Kingdom of God on earth will never die, was the product of the manse.

Moreover, Woodrow Wilson's forebears were of sturdy Christian stock. Early in the nineteenth century his grandfather, James Wilson, turned his eyes from his home in the British Isles and he said, "I will seek my fortune in that great country, the United States." On the way over, that adventurous Scotch-Irishman met among his fellow passengers an Irish lassie who speedily won his love; and upon landing in New York City they were married. Going to Philadelphia, the happy groom secured a position in a publishing house and after a time the couple removed to Steubenville, Ohio, where he founded a newspaper. Of the ten children that came to their home, the youngest was Joseph. Of a brilliant mind, he was sent to college and later to a theological school. Returning to Steubenville, he met Janet Woodrow, and after three years of courtship the two were married, and Joseph Wilson took up teach-

The story of the "magnificent dreamer"...

ing; but soon he gave up that profession to take a Presbyterian church in Staunton, Virginia.

Into this minister's home came several children, the third being a bright boy, Thomas Woodrow. When he was two years old, his father removed to Augusta, Georgia, to take charge of a large church. In the southern city young "Tommy" had many happy days; he was the recognized leader of his adoring playmates. Then, when he was about five years old, came the dark cloud of the Civil War and the boy began to think of serious things. He was naturally serious, for he was not strong physically, and his weak eyes made it necessary for him to wear glasses.

But "Tommy" Wilson was not discouraged. He was imaginative—so much so that he pretended to himself for months that he was an admiral, living the part and sometimes sending accounts which he had written of astounding naval affairs to the Navy Department. To these reports he always signed the impressive title, "Admiral Wilson." With such adventures and with close study the lad spent his years in Augusta. By the time he had reached the age of seventeen he had become something of a scholar, and his parents decided to send him to Davidson College in South Carolina. It was a small college and the boys were obliged to care for their rooms and build their own fires. Young Wilson was a favorite with his schoolmates. He liked baseball, though he was not a skilled player; and he liked to take long walks in the country, alone, so that he could have opportunity to think. He could converse well on almost any subject; he could especially discuss history with ability and authority. Toward the close of his first year at Davidson, he was taken ill and returned home—to Wilmington, North Carolina, where his father had taken a church. Then his parents thought it best for him not to return, but to stay at home for some tutoring

with view to his entering Princeton University.

SO, FOR MANY months, the young scholar studied for the Princeton examinations with his learned father as teacher and close comrade. But his father saw that he took time for long walks, baseball, and strolls along the Wilmington water front, where he could hear the tales of sailors who had returned from distant lands. After a year of home study, young Woodrow—for he had discarded the name "Tommy"—passed the Princeton examinations, and in the fall of 1875 he found himself a member of a class containing many students of scholarly habits.

Woodrow, though not a "star student," had a deep love of learning and set about becoming versed in history and government, in which he was especially interested. As he read of great statesmen he began to feel a desire to enter public life and serve in great causes. He soon began to win honors in debating and in writing papers on government. When he had reached his senior year, he had gained such knowledge that he wrote an excellent article on "Cabinet Government in the United States" which was published in a leading magazine.

Graduating from Princeton, young Wilson went to the University of Virginia to study law, and at the completion of his courses he went to Atlanta, Georgia, and hung out his shingle along with a friend of his. But the law was not for him; he had little business. After eighteen months he decided to turn to teaching. As he had now found a "twin soul"—one Ellen Axson, who lived near Atlanta—he decided that he must get busy and

(Continued on page 47.)

By
**THOMAS
CURTIS
CLARK**

K N O W

Your Child's Teacher



Some of us parents discover, as our children grow older each year, that it takes a tremendous amount of time and knowledge on our part to keep up with them. One of the greatest compliments which a child can pay his parents is to be able to say: "My mom and dad understand me and the world in which I live." And the world in which children live includes a large place for school and teachers, both during the week and on Sundays in the church. If your child is going to be able to say about you "My parents understand me," then you as parents must know your child's teacher.

A popular magazine for parents recently included an article written by a twelve-year-old girl. She had many illuminating things to say about teachers.

"Teachers are the most important adults to know about of all because they are in charge of what happens to you when you go to school, and most people are in school from when they can first talk and get around by themselves until after they have grown up. . . . Teachers know the things you want to know and are supposed to help you get to know them too. . . . There are some teachers who have just gotten tired of children because of the bothersome things they do and do not like them anymore. This kind do not help you to learn very much, but you can't do much about it. . . . The worst kind of teachers to have are the kind that like some children and don't like others. . . . Luckily, more teachers are the best kind. They like all of the kids at least a little whether they are a trouble to them or not. . . . You do not have to worry about getting along with them because they already know how to get along with you."¹

¹Jennifer Owsley, "A Handy Guide to Grownups," Parents Magazine, May, 1950, p. 40. Soon to be reprinted in a book published by Random House, Inc. Used by courtesy of the publishers.

This girl knew her teachers. How well do parents know their child's teacher?

Why Is It Important?

Many parents do not know their child's public school teacher and are barely acquainted with his church school teacher. This may be true even in the small local church if the child's parents never attend church with him and have little contact with the church. When church membership is rather large, distance and varied interests hinder even a casual acquaintance. But let us consider why it is important for parents to know their child's teacher.

1. "The curriculum is 90 per cent teacher." We are indebted to Dr. Harry Munroe for this thought. No matter what public or church school our children attend; no matter what subjects are taught, what lesson materials used—the curriculum, the total impression made upon the child, is that which the teacher supplies. Even the Bible itself could not effectively be taught by the wrong kind of teacher.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is reported to have written to his daughter who was away at school:

By Stanley J. Keach

"The curriculum is 90% teacher."

"It is not what you study but with whom you study that matters."

This is particularly true in the church school, for religion is caught as much as it is taught. Parents will want to know if their child's teacher has had an experience of the living Christ and has genuine love for God and for children. They will want to know if their child's teacher is a prayerful person and versed in God's Word. For they know that only a Christian teacher can teach the Christian Faith.

2. Parents thereby will gain knowledge and understanding of the child's world away from his parents. We all know how our children respond and act when we are present. But an even more

vital consideration is how they respond and act when we are absent. We cannot learn this without consulting our child's teacher, with whom the modern child often spends more time than he does with his parents. Thus the modern child's world is a world largely of teachers, both public and religious. And with the liberation of the modern home from religious training, the church school teacher is often the only adult with whom the child discusses religion.

3. Parents also gain knowledge and understanding of modern education. This is equally true of the public and church school. Parents are sometimes bewildered to discover suddenly how different are the methods of teaching from their

own school days. Materials change and methods improve. When we introduced regular visual education in our church school, we were careful to introduce it first to the parents so that they would not think that the church was merely trying to entertain their children with movies.

Parents keep in touch with modern methods of teaching and present day materials largely through acquaintance with their child's teachers. And this information is needed if your child is going to be able to say, "My mom and dad understand me and the world in which I live."

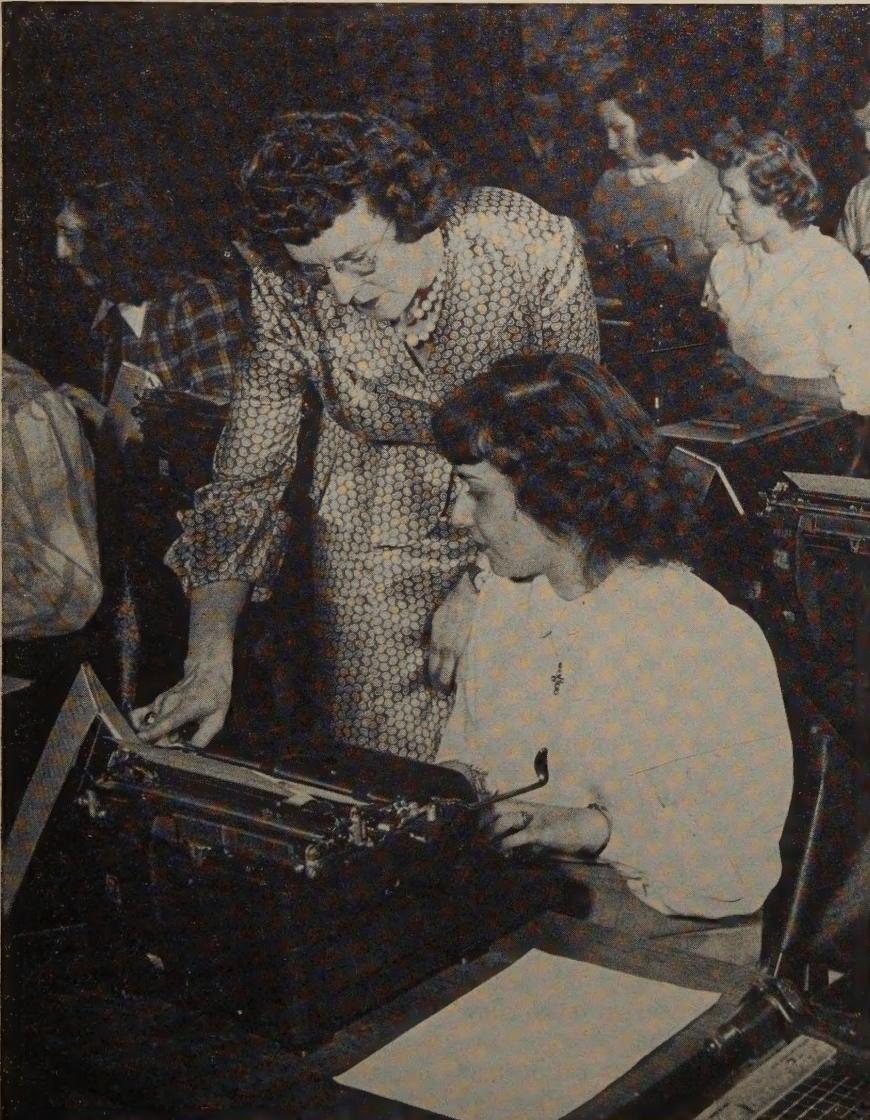
How Can It Be Accomplished?

"Very well," you might say, "I ought to know my child's teacher. But how can it be accomplished?" Let us examine a few suggestions.

1. Public School, P.T.A. The best method with which I am acquainted as far as the public school is concerned is the Parent Teacher Association. Every parent should belong to the local P.T.A. In our community, I was fortunate enough to be a member of a committee which was responsible for forming a P.T.A. For those who are interested, information regarding organization may be secured by writing to the National Parent Teachers Association, Chicago 5, Illinois.

As stated by the National P.T.A., a summary of the purpose of each local organization is: To promote the welfare of children and youth in home, school, church and community; to raise the standards of home life; to bring into closer relation the home and the school, that parents and teachers may cooperate intelligently in the training of the child.

2. Church School P.T.A. It would seem from public school experience that a church school P.T.A. would be an ideal way for parents to become acquainted with their child's teacher and the general aims of Christian education. In large churches, this group might meet regularly. But in smaller churches, it might be more advisable to limit the scope of such an organization. In fact, a Parent's Institute or Conference held three or four times a year would accom-



—Eva Luoma.

Are most parents truly acquainted with the methods of modern education?

This New Year

Once more the silver bells ring out
Across the midnight sky,
New Year comes on snow-fleeced clouds
While silent stars go by.
What it shall bring I cannot tell—
A laurel wreath or tolling bell—
No tongue can prophesy.

But peace is mine on New Year's Day,
Despite the dark unknown,
For right still lives, love still reigns
And God is on His throne.
I know, whatever shall befall,
That He who marks the sparrow's fall,
Will guard and keep His own.

—BY ESTELLE FINNEGAN.

plish the same purpose as an organized P.T.A.

3. Other Organizations. We have had experience with a Mothers' Club which has helped acquaint mothers and teachers. Often some of the teachers are members of the club. And occasionally teachers and fathers are invited to a special meeting. The program of such a group can be built around the idea of acquainting parents with teachers and promoting the general aims and purposes of Christian education.

4. Other Methods. Parents should occasionally visit their child's class—public or church school, even though it may seem unusual at first in the church. Again, parents could sometimes make a specific call upon their child's teacher, or ask her to their home for a visit. Or finally, there are numerous church meetings where parents and teachers can meet or various church organizations to which both may belong. In any event, it is easy enough for parents and teacher to know each other, if the parents are interested.

What Results Can Be Expected?

Some parents may wonder if it is worth all the time and bother to

Eternal Babyhood

"My husband's baby picture," the old lady said,
"And this one is my Johnnie, and this his eldest son."
She pointed to three photographs, touched each little head,
Her hand caressed three children, babies every one.

Three generations gazing from a page
With their eyes of innocence and their baby look,
All preserved in agelessness captured out of time—
Photographs of babyhood mounted in a book.

—HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

become acquainted with their children's teachers. And well might they ask what is to be gained? Let us suggest a few results which may be expected.

1. A new insight into your child. In these busy days in the home, many parents do not realize what their children's full capabilities and possibilities are, what hidden talents may lie buried deep beneath the surface. Very often, the child's teacher is the first to make discoveries in these areas, perhaps because parents tend to take their children for granted, especially if there are several children in the family. We were pleasantly surprised, for example, to learn from our five-year-old boy's kindergarten church school teacher that he showed great interest in his class—an interest in religion which he had been reluctant to show at home.

2. An increased interest and support of the educational program. Since we have attended P.T.A. meetings and talked with the teachers, and have seen and heard what is being done, we back our school 100 per cent. And we also know from experience that parents have greatly increased their support of the church program of education when they have talked with the teachers. We didn't ask them;

they asked us what they could do to help.

3. Establishing a real teaching partnership. Education is a partnership of the school and the home. This is a necessity in the field of religion. The relationship between parents and church school teachers should progress from acquaintance, through friendship, to partnership. Parents and religious teachers are partners in winning the soul of a child to Jesus Christ and training his mind in the Christian Faith.

4. A challenge to leadership. Finally, when parents discover what religious teachers are doing, they are often challenged to go and do likewise. Very often, the most effective religious teachers are also parents. If parents come to know their child's teacher and learn what the teacher is doing for their child, they too will be drawn to serve other children. They will discover the values of the qualities of Christian love and devotion, of consecration and service to the Master, who was Himself the Master Teacher in all that He was and did and said.

So shall parents learn that teaching the Christian Faith to growing persons makes for high and noble character and enriched and abundant living.

Salute

to

GRANDMAW

By Deloris Deadman Henny

SO YOU'RE THE NEW preacher's daughter," was the warm welcome given me by the attractive white-haired lady who greeted me at the first church tea I attended in my father's new Nebraska pastorate.

"I'm Mrs. Jack Simpson," she went on, "but you can just call me Grandma; everybody else does." And within five minutes' time I not only felt that I had known her for years, but I had a complete story of Grandma's life—how she and Grandpa had started out with only a cigar box full of silver dollars to build a fine farm machinery manufacturing business—how she had sewed to help make ends meet and to send their only daughter to college—how Grandpa hadn't been a church man then, but he was now—and how she had always stuck by her church and intended to do so as long as the good Lord gave her life.

Then she went on to mention that she had a grandson in the university—just about my age—and right then and there Grandma laid the foundation for the romance she was determined would (and did) culminate in my marriage to that grandson. We have always laughingly remarked that it was a good thing we happened to fall in love with one another since Grandma was so determined that we marry. Because when Grandma set her mind to anything she was not one to be deterred.

It was true that Grandpa had not been a church man when she married him but he couldn't help but absorb some of the Christian fervor that was hers. And after several years during which time Grandma went her way to church alone, Grandpa "hit the sawdust trail" at one of the great evangelistic meetings. Later he rose to the ranks of elder in the church, a position emeritus that, at his present age of eighty-seven, he still holds. Grandpa was the first to admit it, and well did Grandma know he was right, that he never could have built his fine business if it had not been for Grandma's moral support and her ever-ready though sometimes hidden bank roll to give him aid. So after the tide turned and things were coming their way financially, Grandpa reciprocated by giving Grandma some property all her own, and then augmented that with a generous allowance which he made quite a ritual of presenting to her every Saturday noon.



"Jack's much too generous," she would often say to us, but we never noticed her refusing his gifts. Some people were inclined to think Grandma a bit stingy, but what they interpreted as penuriousness was rather, I think, an expression of Grandma's thriftiness. And this much I do know—that the first thing she did, upon receiving her allowance, was to

PACIFIC
RELIGION

set aside a generous weekly gift to the church. Then she would make what was left of her money go as far as it would. It's true she and Grandpa ate beans sometimes when they should have had beefsteak, but it was not the church that suffered. Grandma took it out on herself. Her family were trained in the same way and even though we were all on our own, Grandma carefully checked to see that we were discharging our financial obligations to the church.

And our responsibilities didn't end there. Being related to Grandma it was fortunate that we were interested in the work of the church and took an active part in it. Grandma herself wasn't to be found sitting in a pew on Sunday morning: she was in the choir where she graced the alto section for more than forty years. Playing the pipe organ was her daughter, and serving as soloist in the tenor section was her grandson. There was something about her that made everyone taking part in the church service know that Grandma was behind them one hundred per cent. At a beautiful voluntary from the hands of the organist she would radiate reverence; an attitude of rapt attention accentuated her fervor as she followed the choir director in anthem; the preacher could almost feel a pat on the back as he knew she was listening with all her heart to what he had to say; and even the janitor got a "well done" from Grandma when he remembered to dust the pews. Her influence was vital and she believed in making it felt.

THOUGH SUFFERING from pernicious anemia and victim to its accompanying distresses, Grandma never missed church on Sunday mornings. And nothing of church business that transpired during the week escaped her attention. It was her church and she needed to know what was going on. No one ever outwardly accused her of meddling in the business of the official board, but she hesitated not to speak her mind when the occasion demanded or permitted.

That the men made a mistake when they put a fourteen-hundred-dollar mortgage on our nice brick parsonage was not a debatable question with Grandma. They had done wrong, and she felt she must personally assume the responsibility of correcting their mistake. Later she told me she felt sure she had a vision that made her undertake so great a task.

Whatever the impetus—this much I know—that Grandma, at the peak of her eighty-first year, set out singlehandedly to raise the needed funds. Her church just couldn't be in debt; she wouldn't have it. First of all, she gave a gift of one hundred dollars from her own treasured personal bank account. Grandpa knew better than to wait to be asked; he kicked right in with a sizeable gift. The rest of us in the family gave what we could, and then Grandma started reaching out. She wrote letters all over the country to people who, at one time or another, had been interested in our church. Back came checks, cash, money orders, and Grandma blessed them all for their generosity.

No one in our active membership was overlooked,

When little Margaret was busily absorbed filling her assignment of cutting the peeled potatoes in small chunks, her mother happened to notice that she was putting each piece in her mouth before dropping it in the cooking kettle.

"What ever are you doing that for?" she asked her child, horrified.

"But you said you wanted them bite size," Margaret defended.

Frances Brown

and no one turned Grandma down. In this they were wise, for Grandma's wrath was mighty with those who had no place for the church in their giving. To all who contributed, Grandma was sincere in her gratitude, and the fifty cents from the pensioner was as well received as the many large checks which came from others. The money rolled in, and Grandma was radiant in her joy. And when she took count of all the gifts there was not only the fourteen hundred dollars to pay off the debt, but an extra five hundred besides.

The Sunday that Grandma burned the mortgage marked the climax of a great life. We feared that she might break under the strain, but instead she reveled in the glory of the occasion. Her voice, now a bit shaggy, but nonetheless true, rang with happiness as she sang, for the last time, a duet with her beloved grandson. The debt was paid, the church had a comfortable balance in the treasury, and Grandma's mind and heart were at peace.

Knowing her work was finished, Grandma died a few months later of the disease she had valiantly battled for ten years. Though our hearts were heavy at our loss, we knew that this great old girl had earned a rest.



He just keeps saying he's determined to save what he can for a rainy day.

THE RED SWEATER



ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY TIMMINS

MARYBELLE shuddered and shoved her unfinished grapefruit aside.

"Marybelle!" said mother anxiously. "Don't you feel well?"

Marybelle nodded and continued staring straight ahead of her.

"Then eat your breakfast. Fruit is good for the complexion."

"Can't." Marybelle was brief.

"You feel well and can't eat?" Mother was startled. "Then whatever is it?"

Marybelle sat biting her lower lip and mother saw there were tears in her eyes. "It's . . . it's this sweater," muttered Marybelle in a small voice.

Father came out from behind his newspaper and studied the offending sweater through his horn-rimmed reading glasses. "What's the matter with it?" he asked.

"It's brown!" Marybelle raised tragic eyes to meet his and then

slid low in her chair.

Mother sighed. "Marybelle wanted a red sweater, but I decided on brown because it will go best with everything she has." She flashed father one of her "you-know - we - have - to-be-practical" looks.

"Tubby Duncan has a red one, and Aggie Stickland is getting one this afternoon," Marybelle muttered under her breath. She gulped loudly and started tucking toast crusts under the edge of her plate so mother wouldn't notice she hadn't eaten them.

Father looked at the kitchen clock and jumped up. He gave Marybelle's chestnut braids an affectionate tweak and kissed mother lightly. "Good-by until tonight,"

By HELEN L.
HENSHAW

but his look plainly said, "I hope you have the case of the sweater settled before evening, Ruth."

Mother answered, "Good-by, dear. Take your overcoat—the broadcast said showers," but her look said plainly, "I hope everything will be under control when you come home tonight—I really do hope so."

Left alone with her daughter, Ruth sat stirring her coffee so vigorously that several brown drops splashed out onto the linen; but she didn't seem to notice the stains at all, for she was thinking, "I've been such a conscientious mother, raising Marybelle 'by the book.' She's had all the proper inoculations; her bottles were properly sterilized; she never missed a nap; and her eating hours were regular. She remembers to say 'thanks' and 'please' more often than most eight-year-olds. Why, she's a won-

derful child—or has been until just lately."

Ruth glanced across at Marybelle who was now slumped so low in her chair that the slightest slip would probably send her scooting under the table.

"Sit up," said Ruth automatically. "Your spine will grow crooked."

Marybelle made only a slight attempt to straighten herself.

Ruth sighed and stared critically at herself in the buffet mirror across the room. "I'm still pretty and small and neat," thought Ruth, "except for a frown that seems to have left a permanent crease between my brows." She saw, too, that bewilderment had darkened her gray eyes until they were almost black. "Oh, dear! It's amazing how old an unruly child can make me feel," she mused unhappily.

Ruth turned back to Marybelle. "You'll still have time to eat your breakfast and get to school if you start now."

Marybelle grunted and tasted one spoonful of her cereal. "Ugh!" She made a wry face.

RUTH POURED herself a second cup of coffee and let her thoughts go back to the day before in an effort to see what had gone wrong.

"I'll pick you up in the car after school, and we'll get you a sweater at White's Department Store," she had said in the morning.

Then, at three, when Marybelle marched out in careful file with the other children, Ruth had felt a soft glow of pride. Marybelle's hair was braided and smooth, not flying wild like the little girl's by her side. Her dark navy coat and hat set off her small oval face with the large, clear eyes and full, scarlet lips. She didn't shriek and yell as soon as the line scattered.

"She's so . . . so different!" thought Ruth happily.

"We're getting a new school sweater," Ruth told her daughter as she headed the car toward town.

For a moment Marybelle's small face lighted with interest. "Will it be red?" she asked eagerly. "Will it, Mother?"

Ruth had frowned, but she hadn't been cross, only firm. "Brown or possibly navy," she answered crisply. Ruth was a great believer in the practical value of navy or brown, and she was wearing a black, untrimmed coat and a conservative black felt hat, herself.

Marybelle tried once more. "Benchley's store has a sweater

**I would rather sit on a pumpkin
and have it all to myself than be
crowded on a velvet cushion.**

Henry David Thoreau

sale. Tubby had a new red one on, today."

But Ruth believed in good first quality, not sales, even if one did have to pay a little more, and so she shook her head impatiently.

"The colors that Tubby wears are terrible. I've seen that girl dressed in red and green with pink ribbons in her hair." Ruth shuddered. "I don't know why her mother lets her go around looking like a Christmas tree."

"She's pretty," said Marybelle in a low voice, and the rest of the way to town she sat so quietly that Ruth almost forgot she was there, and so Ruth was able to plan the dinner menus for the next three days.

When they finally parked and walked a block to White's, they found the big store crowded. Ruth took a firm grip on Marybelle's arm and was surprised to see that the child was very close to tears.

"Why, honey! Are you tired, dear?" Ruth asked kindly.

The elevators were so crowded that they walked the two flights to the sweater department.

"A heavyweight brown sweater, please," Ruth directed the saleswoman. "Marybelle is eight but a little thin . . . I think that size . . ."

"No!" protested Marybelle sharply. "Not brown! The kids'll think I'm queer . . ."

But Ruth nodded quickly to the saleswoman. Looking back now,

Ruth remembered hesitating when she glimpsed Marybelle's transfixed face in a long mirror. The little girl was staring at a small-sized mannequin dressed in a short plaid skirt and flame-colored sweater with a starched Peter Pan collar. If Ruth had been tempted to change from good serviceable brown, she quickly checked the frivolous impulse.

"Yes, that will do nicely," Ruth approved the sweater the saleslady displayed. "What do you think, Marybelle?"

The little girl faltered and pointed to the flame-colored beauty on the model. "I like . . ." she began but accepted quietly enough her wrapped package, even murmuring a polite, "Thank you."

Relieved that the purchase had been made so quickly and with so little effort, Ruth hurried out through the store.

"Could we have ice cream, Mother?" Marybelle ventured uncertainly.

"Not now, dear." Ruth smiled absently. "You'll spoil your dinner."

YES, THAT WAS ALL that had happened. Ruth was certain she'd recalled every little detail of the afternoon, and yet Marybelle had acted strangely ever since. She'd been silent and sullen and now this unhappy time at the breakfast table. It was upsetting . . . unexplainable.

When Marybelle first came down that morning, wearing the new sweater, Ruth had said brightly, "It looks very nice, dear."

But the child hadn't answered a thing, just fidgeted. Then a few minutes later she'd pushed her grapefruit away and refused to eat.

"I've never known Marybelle to act like this," thought Ruth miserably. "I wonder if she's getting sick." Wasn't the child pale? Didn't she look different, somehow?

The harsh ring of the phone almost at her elbow broke into Ruth's thoughts. "Yes?"

Kay Stickland, Aggie's mother, greeted Ruth.

"Morning, Ruth." Kay's voice always smiled as though it knew

a delightful secret. "I called early because I want to change my plans for this afternoon."

Without comment Ruth listened to the gay voice while it went on with its ridiculous explanations.

"Aggie tells me there are some wonderful sweaters at Benchley's. It seems Tubby Duncan was simply 'super' in her new brick-red number, and now Aggie's heart will break if she doesn't have a purple one." Kay's amused laughter rang out against Ruth's disapproving ear. "Isn't it wonderful when not having a sweater can break a heart, and can you remember those days yourself . . . and just imagine Aggie in a purple sweater!"

Ruth could imagine it, all right! She could just vision Aggie's carrot top above a purple sweater.

"Well, I s'pose purple will be just as warm as a more conservative color, and it's such a little thing—there are so many really important things I have to be firm about," Kay said complacently. She waited through a strained silence, but Ruth made no answer. "Well . . . anyway . . ." Aggie's mother was a trifle subdued now. "I'm skipping the committee meeting this afternoon, and Aggie and I are going shopping together. You see," Kay was a little embarrassed, "we try to make quite a thing of it, because we can do so few things for Aggie just now . . . it will be sort of a celebration. You understand?"

When Kay's voice trailed off, Ruth rallied to make the expected answer. "Of course, Kay." She spoke stiffly. "I'll explain to the others."

RUTH CLICKED the phone into place and sat with trembling hands folded in her lap. "So I'm supposed to explain that Kay canceled a meeting just to go shopping for a purple sweater," Ruth thought. "It's more important to buy a sweater for Aggie than to keep an appointment. How ridiculous!"

With a guilty start, Ruth remembered Marybelle, looked across at the child, and was sharply aware of the girl's pale, unhappy face with the tragic gray eyes and the soft mouth, so easily hurt, so pathetic.

"Why, she makes me want to cry!" thought Ruth and ached with the hurt of her own suppressed tears.

In unhappy contrast, Ruth recalled Aggie's tangle of mad, red curls and her round, impish face. The child was always giggling, whirling her plump body from one exciting thing to another. Ruth remembered once when Aggie fell down. The child had bounced up again, laughing through her tears.

"Mommy says to pretend I'm a fat rubber ball, and then I'll have to bounce up quick again," she'd explained carefully to Ruth.

Ruth thought, too, about Kay's eternal cheerfulness, her easy good humor. Even Bob Stickland found an amazing amount of time to laugh and play with his family. They didn't have very much money, either, and yet they seemed to have the most wonderful times together.

All at once Ruth's hand covered her face, but she did not weep. She was too self-contained for that. Waves of remorse swept over her. Bitterly she recalled the time spent in teaching good habits, showing Marybelle how to be good . . . but she'd forgotten to teach her how to be happy. There were so many minor issues, like the sweater, where she'd been unnecessarily severe or even unconcerned. Such a little thing as the color of a

sweater could give real joy to a child.

RUTH LIFTED her head and saw that Marybelle was staring at her. The little girl gave her mother a long, hard look and then said slowly, "I'm sorry, Mother. Truly, I am." She slid off her chair, but did not meet her mother's eyes. Then she moved toward the bedroom door, and there was misery in every stricken line of her small body. "I guess I'd better go to school now. I . . ."

But Ruth was smiling, and when she remembered to smile her eyes were warm and her mouth gentle and kind.

"Marybelle! Wait! I've been thinking. What do you say we save the brown sweater for camp next summer?" Ruth saw the child's head come up with a jerk. "Aggie and her mother are going to Benchley's after school, and I thought we might go along."

It was a miracle the way the sun burst from behind Marybelle's sullen eyes. "Mother! Are you sure? Will red really be practical? Will it?" Marybelle's slight body quivered in her desperate earnestness.

Marybelle's mother laughed happily. "I think red is the most practical and the most gorgeous color in the whole world." And she was surprised how sincerely she meant just that.

"There are enough religious people in America to save any economic, social or any other kind of situation—if we could only gain the quality of articulating together. . . . We have for too long been separating creeds and living, but no creed is effective unless it is lived. . . . The deep things of life are common to all. Genuine religiousness brings us close together regardless of difference in creed and form. Depth of religious experience is in proportion to the brotherhood quality it possesses."

Dr. J. M. Artman

IF YOUR FATHER, wife, or Uncle Ned drinks to excess, you don't have to be told that there is an alcohol problem. When alcoholism strikes your own family, your concern over America's tremendous liquor consumption becomes deeply personal.

What can the family do to help the heavy and habitual drinker to escape from the millstone around his neck?

There is a great deal of argument these days in church circles over whether "drinking is a disease," which should be treated by doctors and hospitals, or "drinking is a sin" which can be corrected only by preaching and legislation. Probably the truth lies somewhere between the extremes of this debate. But regardless of which point of view we hold, we may distill certain principles which might help Christians having a family problem of alcoholism. If it is a disease, what caused the disease? If it is a sin, what caused the sin? And what can we do about it?

First of all, the alcoholic must want to be helped. Jesus cured people with various afflictions when they sought help. He did not go about forcing cures upon people. Rather, he emphasized the part of the individual who wanted to be cured. "Thy faith hath made thee whole," he said, not "My power alone hath made thee whole."

The same condition applies with respect to the alcoholic. If he doesn't want to be reformed or cured, we can't do much about it.

*By Frank
T.
Hoadley*

If such miracles are achieved, they are rare indeed.

Drinking is a compulsion with the alcoholic. He uses his bottle to meet some emotional need which nothing else satisfies. Take the bottle away from him, and what do you accomplish? You prevent him from getting the drink he wants this morning, but this afternoon he will buy some more, perhaps much more. At the same time, you increase his suspicion, distrust, and resentment toward you. In his twisted, alcoholic way of looking at things, you have come between him and his best friend.

Send him to the hospital, and they will dry him up. But the drier he is, the more he feels the need of refreshment. He is like a blotter. Soon he will be drinking as much as he can soak up.

Lecture to him, beg him to promise, shame him? You may possibly bring on the crisis which will make him *want* to be cured, but you are much more likely to increase his fear and resentment toward you, so that he will merely drink more heavily and more secretly. Like Mr. S, he may take another tack: He stopped drinking, but turned to an unbearably aggressive personality, driving his wife almost mad by constantly making fun of her in front of the children and neighbors.

Discouraging, isn't it? But there are elements of hope. It is quite possible that he will *want* to be helped. The fine work of Alcoholics Anonymous and some of the newer alcoholism clinics is based upon the theory that many alcoholics eventually "hit bottom," or convince themselves that the bottle is not the solution to their problems; they must find it in some larger way.

Often it takes a crisis to bring this feeling out. It isn't likely to be achieved by argument or persuasion, but it may come through a real emergency. Sometimes the families of an alcoholic will go through years and years of protecting him from public disgrace, arrest, loss of his job, or some other crisis which in fact would be the only factor powerful enough to bring him face-to-face with himself. It may seem cruel to let the crisis come which will make him want to be cured, but actually it is often the greatest kindness.

At any rate, whether there is a crisis or not, watch for any indications that he wants to overcome his problem. Encourage him in this hope, and offer to help him, but do not force help where it is not wanted.

Secondly, try to find out the cause of his drinking. The alcoholic knows that drinking is costly in many ways—that it depletes his pocketbook, his alertness, his sense

How can the alcoholic's family help him? What should they do?

Have You An ALCOHOLIC In Your Family?

of responsibility, his moral controls—and yet he drinks in spite of this knowledge. This means that he has some pretty strong reason for drinking. It fills some need in his life which nothing else satisfies. Remember how Jesus insisted upon knowing the name of the demon who plagued the Gerasene. If we can name the cause of the trouble in a disturbed person, we have already given that person some help.

Perhaps it's some physical reason. For example, Mr. B's speech defect proved to be the root of his trouble. He had been unable to speak clearly since recovering from a serious disease at the age of four, and as a child often became inwardly furious because he could not "talk back" to his domineering mother. As he approached maturity, though he could now make himself understood, his voice was still blurry and thick. He was afraid to talk to girls, and drank to give himself courage. Finding the bottle a help in this way, he used it more and more until he became a chronic drinker. When a wise counselor helped him to see the reason for his drinking, he began to study speech correction. This was a direct attack on his problem instead of an indirect one (the bottle), and his entire outlook began to improve.

Sometimes it's just boredom. Mrs. J drank so much that her husband called the police. When she became sober, she said she knew she shouldn't drink, but couldn't help it. As she wanted to be helped, a counselor studied her own life with her. She had married young and had four closely spaced children who burdened her heavily with diapers, laundry, lunches, mending, and getting ready for school. New activities for her spare time (what there was of it) solved her problem of domestic monotony, and she lost interest in alcohol.

It was more complicated in the case of Mr. L. Much of his problem was tied up in the person of an overbearing mother. She had made most of his decisions for him when he was young, and had opposed his marriage. Now she was continuing

to make him dependent upon her, as much as possible, even to the extent of supplying him with money. This condition had so affected Mr. L's outlook on life that he thought of his wife also in a motherly role. He depended on her for initiative and authority in family matters, even deriving a kind of indirect satisfaction from her scoldings when he drank. With the help of a counselor, he came to recognize these forces at work in his life. He became more self-sufficient, less of a "mama's boy" in relation to his mother and his wife, and soon felt that the need for alcohol was leaving him.

A significant postscript to Mr. L's story is that when his alcoholism became controlled, Mrs. L then became sick with an illness that had very few medical symptoms. She too began to visit a counselor, only to discover that the mother-

substitute role had been very satisfying to her, and she had missed it. In fact, she who had seemed the one most hurt by Mr. L's drunkenness had unwittingly helped to cause it by failing to recognize his problem and help him to become more manly.

How to discover these reasons which compel people to drink? There are several ways. Specialized help, as in the three cases just described, is very useful. If you have the opportunity to use a good counselor, by all means do so. Some ministers, trained in pastoral psychology and counseling, have much to offer. (Beware of the minister who will only lecture him on the evils of drink; what he needs is one with insight who will look for the basic problem.) If clinics on alcoholism are being established in your state, such as those which have been operated



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successfully for several years in Connecticut, take advantage of them. Or maybe you can find a psychiatrist in the city where you shop. Don't be afraid of him—he is not a fearsome creature dealing only with the insane, but a doctor trained to help us all with our emotional problems.

Lacking specialized help, there are still things to do. Mostly they involve the use of enlightened common sense. Look for causes like physical defects, boredom, personality problems, and even excessive protectiveness or aggressiveness of your own. Pay a great deal of attention to what the alcoholic says when he is drunk. In an indirect way, it may be very significant. If he constantly accuses his wife of unfaithfulness, it possibly means that he has a sexual problem, perhaps a fear that he is personally inadequate in marital relations. If he complains that his employers are against him, the real problem may be his own fear that he is not able to measure up to his job.

Reading may help you to develop new insights into the problems and personality of the alcoholic. H. Leon Yager, of the Connecticut State Commission on Alcoholism recommends these books: *The Glass Crutch*, by Jim Bishop; *The Story of Mrs. Murphy*, by Natalie Scott; *Drinking's Not the Problem*, by Charles Clapp; *Alcohol and Social Responsibility*, by Raymond Gerald McCarthy and Edgar M. Douglass; *Alcohol: One Man's Meat Is Another Man's Poison*, by Edward Adam Streckler and Francis T. Chambers Jr.; *Alcoholics Anonymous*, by the organization of the same name: and *It's Up to You*, a pamphlet by Seward Hiltner. You may disagree with some of these books, but they will start you thinking.

Third, take a constructive, hopeful attitude toward the alcoholic. Few people need Christian hope more than an alcoholic. One might almost believe the apostle Paul was grappling with such a problem when he wrote, "Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed." The alcoholic needs your encouragement much more than

your scolding, for he scolds himself more often and more severely than you realize. With genuine hope in the individual, you will be glad for the progress he is making. When he goes without a drink for a time, you will show that you are proud of his achievement, and confident of his desire to continue. Think in terms of steady improvement rather than speedy cure.

Within yourself, you may know that he is going to have relapses and back-slidings, but you will not scold him for these. You will remember that the path uphill is long and hard. You will be glad for the upward steps; and when he slips, you will help him back to his feet without comment. Even when promises are broken by an alcoholic, you will not show annoyance or anger, nor even disappointment, for you will know that he made the promise in good faith though he broke it in weakness. You will help him to go forward and to keep the promise next time.

All this will be possible because, as an understanding person, you realize that he is trying to improve, but that this is going to take time. The very fact that he has an alcoholic personality makes him need this kind of understanding and encouragement from you.

A hopeful, confident manner toward the alcoholic does not mean that you will pour the whiskey

down the sink. This would be evidence that you distrust him. But you will be pleased if he pours it down the same sink. Seldom can you cure a confirmed alcoholic by merely removing the alcohol. If he does not find more alcohol, records show that he will turn to some other undesirable escape such as paraldehyde, barbitals, morphine, or anti-social personality traits (like the aggressive Mr. S).

On the other hand, you will not unnecessarily tempt him. Although you do not empty his bottle, you most certainly do not provide drinking opportunities for him. It's playing with fire to take an alcoholic to a cocktail party. Why take the chance unnecessarily of making his recovery harder? Rather keep him as busy as possible at constructive hobbies, household jobs, non-alcoholic parties, and perhaps some church work!

And while we're on the subject of alcoholism in the family, there's a bit of prevention that we can do, which perhaps will mean even more than our pound of cure. Let's help our children to grow up free from the emotional problems which drive so many into excessive drinking. A calm, secure home life, in which each child feels that he is loved and respected, will do much to prevent the very sort of thing that present-day counselors are working so hard to cure.

Morning Prayer

Dear Lord, as this new sun ascends,
Give me the strength to turn away
From all things wrong, from vanity
And pride . . . this too, I pray,
That I like the Samaritan
Might proffer love's sweet bread and wine
To those whom life has deeply hurt—
Dear Lord, I too, would shine!

—INEZ CLARK THORNSON



—A. Devaney.

CHURCH LEADERS are familiar with the oft-quoted assertion, "Well, in my day, the whole family went to church." The inference is that today's children seldom experience this togetherness in worship. It is entirely possible that families did go as a unit to church in former times more than they do today. The range of outside activities was more restricted and there was an absence of motion pictures. The automobile has also proved a decisive factor in changing the Sunday habits of millions of families. Another factor has also appeared within the church which has been the outgrowth of a tendency to think in terms of age groups. The well-known statement, "This is an age of specialists" is reflected in the spread of activities within family life. A desire on the part of church leaders to create organizations and departments geared to specific interests of children, youth and adults has had a decided effect upon the unity of the family in the church.

Before the Family Goes to Church

Certain fundamental attitudes toward church attendance must be cultivated in the home before there can be any successful worship as a family unit. Some families have practically no trouble in getting off to a good start on Sunday morning. This is a fortunate situation

When the Family Goes to CHURCH

By

**Paul M.
Humphreys**

which saves not only time and tempers, but also offers no ground for resistance movements within individual personalities. Many

families, however, have a constantly recurring problem when the day for worship comes. Junior says, "Why should I go to Sunday

school and church? Jimmie Jones's mother doesn't make him go." Teen-age Dolly feels hot rebellion in her heart at the loving voice of

mother which urges her to "Come on, get up! It's time for church, Dolly." Her hours of sleep have been few because of late dates on Saturday night. Dad isn't too keen about going. The morning paper and several chores around the house appeal to him more than church. These are only a few of the usual reasons for keeping the family out of church. There are others often very fantastic or just as trivial.

Sometimes the whole project of churchgoing is called off because there are too many sources of rebellion. Heroic mothers and fathers have often preached, prodded and placated their families into going. For them the old hymn, "O day of rest and gladness" stirs no warmth in their voices, for they are often emotionally upset and spiritually frozen by the time they get off to church with their children.

The conditioning process for a happy worship experience begins at the earliest moments in a child's life. When children see that religion is a part of home-life and churchgoing is fostered as a habit from their earliest days, there is a better chance to view Sunday with anticipation rather than dread. Many churches with somewhat limited programs and means have maintained strong organizations because their memberships are composed of families who are sympathetic and cooperative in their attitudes and habits.

The Family Pew

The idea of a family pew dates back to a time when the head of a household paid a fixed sum each year for a seat in the church. Although the pew rent system has very little hold upon churches today, the custom of having the entire family sit together during a service is wholly desirable. This idea runs counter to that of having children and youth engage in their own special services while the adults are worshiping in the sanctuary. The Junior church arrangement may commend itself to many people, but it does not build a sense of family unity nor does it foster a realization of the strength and sense of power which corporate

worship provides. Too often it may become a poor imitation of the regular service.

Many parents excuse their children from participation in the services of worship on the grounds that they get nothing out of them. Sermons, to be sure, are often beyond the capacity of small minds, but children surprise us with their capacity for grasping the meaning of illustrations and remembering important truths. The sermon, however, is not the entire service. The hymns, prayers, music and responses coupled with the atmosphere of awe and mystery can make impressions on the minds of children which will provide a setting for more mature religious experiences.

Sometimes it is wise to form a nursery where the very young children can be supervised while the older members of the family attend church. Parents should not allow the children to go beyond the Junior level before they learn to sit in the family pew and worship together. In the very early stages of childhood it may be necessary for the parents to take turns attending church services. When sickness occurs in the home or inclement weather conditions prevail, the use of the radio or family worship will help to keep the right spirit alive.

The Church Is Important

Mention has already been made of the conditioning process which is necessary for gaining family consent for attending church. As a part of this conditioning process parents should take into consideration the need for developing an attitude which regards the church as a vital organization. One of the most disastrous enemies of Christianity is the attitude that the church doesn't mean very much in the world.

This criticism may not be expressed directly, but it is implied in a consistent neglect of the services of the church. The quickest way to teach a child that the church is unimportant in society is to stay away from it. He will soon get the idea that churchgoing is a waste of time and as soon as he gets old enough and away from paren-

tal supervision the church organizations will see him no more.

The church will not be considered important in the eyes of a child whose parents readily forsake it when they feel the urge to visit relatives, to engage in recreation or listen to the radio or watch television. Attendance upon the services of the church should be regarded as an event of unusual importance in family life. It would be wise for parents to explain to their children that the church has a function in life which no other organization possesses. The need of such an organization should be presented from time to time to instill in children a respect for the task to which the church is committed.

Caustic criticisms of the members and minister of a church are not helpful in establishing its importance in the eyes of children. Human frailties are ever present and whenever they appear should be treated with Christian love and forbearance. If conditions prevail which are not in accord with parental ideas, the wise course is to approach the proper authorities and with kindness and courtesy seek to effect the changes which are deemed desirable.

Church Membership

Very few churches insist upon a sudden conversion experience as a prerequisite to membership. Today the request to join the church usually follows the training which a child has received in the home and church school. Whenever possible the decision of the child should be encouraged and commended. He should take the step with a feeling that in so doing he is not only making the most important decision of his life, but also firmly establishing himself in the family religious tradition.

The older members of the family should assist the younger ones in taking responsibility for the different tasks of the church. Instruction in stewardship should form a vital part of the young child's training. Conversation, reading, family devotions, and example will do more to make the child's membership in the church

(Continued on page 21.)

ON A BITTERLY COLD night, when the wind and snow were blowing a gale, Jimmie Gow, a Medford, Massachusetts, newsboy, was hurrying to finish delivering his papers and get home when he heard the voice of his friend, the lamplighter, calling,

"Oh, Jimmie, if you are going down by the river, will you light those two lamps for me? I'm half frozen."

"I surely will," replied Jimmie, reaching out his hand for some matches. "I'll be glad to light them for you."

When Jimmie reached the first pole and started to climb up so he could reach the light, he found that the pole was coated with ice. Since he had no long stick, as the lamplighter always had, he knew that he just had to climb the pole. He tried three times before he reached the top. Then the wind blew the match out, and he slid down the pole while trying to get another one out of his pocket. Time after time he tried to do as he had promised. Finally all his matches were gone, and he stood at the foot of the pole trying to decide what to do.

Jimmie knew those two lights were very important, but he was so cold and so tired, and his hands were bleeding from being cut by the ice on the pole. Should he go home? After huddling down into his coat collar for a minute or two, he ran to the nearest telephone and called the police, asking them to help him. So the lights were lighted, and Jimmie ran home to supper. He had stayed by the job until he had done what he had promised to do.

Years later the government needed a dependable engineer; one who could be trusted to build a great army base in Boston. It had to be done in a hurry, for war had

living up to the CONTRACT

been declared. James Gow, president of a great manufacturing concern, was chosen. He built the base, watching every detail himself. When it was finished he was able to turn back four million dollars of the sum which had been allotted for the work. Jimmie Gow could be trusted to finish the job he had promised to do.

Three qualities are needed for successful living: A-ability, B-personality, and C-character. The last is by far the most important. One may be able to type perfectly and may be courteous and friendly in the office where he works, but if he cannot prove himself worthy of trust and confidence, his work is soon a failure. It is in the home and the school and the church that we learn these qualities which we must have for successful living. It is here that parents, teachers, and leaders try to show teen-age young people the necessity of thinking carefully about one's habits and attitudes. Day-after-day tasks are given which will help in developing personality, in learning to be efficient, and in the habit of thinking carefully about completing each task before another is begun. A lesson or a piece of work may take a long or short time. It may be easy or hard; appreciated or not. None of these things should change the determination to do what one has promised to do.

MARY WANTED to make a hooked rug and was sure she would keep on until she had finished it. So mother spent the money for a pattern. Grandmother spent hours helping her cut the tiny strips,

and father built the frame. The rug is about half made, and will never be finished by Mary.

Grant wanted to earn money by tending the garden. He promised to pull the weeds out, and wanted to be paid by the hour. One day it was too hot; another day he wanted to play ball. When the weeds were killing the young plants, father had to force Grant to keep his word, and a sullen boy trampled as much of the garden as he weeded.

Kate begged for a part in the church play and promised to attend the rehearsals promptly. She stayed away one night for a date and another for a party. Her part was not ready when it should have been, and she failed in the play. She has cultivated a habit which will cause her trouble all of her life if it persists.

Every day, and many times a day, we are faced with a task we know we should do, something that others expect us to do. They may be our parents, or our teachers or our friends. What we do, and how we do it tells in no uncertain way what we are, and what we are likely to become.

"I'll be at the corner at eight o'clock," said George, when I said I would go with him to the bank and recommend him for a job that would help to pay his college expenses. There was a heavy snow-storm that morning, and I waited on a wind-swept corner almost a half hour for George. We missed the bus and we waited for another.

"You are late," said the banker, looking at his watch.

"I'm sorry," said George, with

By

Margaret
Egglesston
Owen

a laugh. "I kept both of you waiting."

"And lost your chance to have the job," said the banker. "I made the appointment and expected you to be here a bit early, not late. In a bank, we can't afford to hire employees who do not do as they promise." The boy who had been in the office before nine was hired, and George was bitter. Whose fault was it?

"I'm going to quit school and go to work," said young Harry Plotz. "I'm tired of books. What's the use of all that stuff I have to learn?"

But when the coach promised to give him a place in athletics, he went back to school and made good marks because he had to do so to hold his place. Harry loved to hunt for things under a microscope, and he knew that was what he wanted to do for life, but it was hard work to be interested in lessons and tests and grades. Again, in college he almost decided to leave school, but was held by the thought that he might someday fight disease, and if he was offered such a place, he must have book knowledge as well as interest in a laboratory. In 1915, during World War I, Harry Plotz, working in

Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York found the deadly germ that spreads typhoid fever. The boy who thought he could not master his books had found something that medical men had sought for years. He went to Europe and, working with the surgeon general of the U.S. Army, he saved the lives of thousands and thousands of American soldiers. His name stands high in medical history today. He kept on when the going was hard, and won.

C H A R A C T E R I S N O T
formed by making a hard decision now and then. It is formed by thinking before you promise to do a thing, or decide within yourself to do a thing, and then, if it is right, persisting in the effort until your aim is accomplished. It may take an hour, like mowing the lawn. It may take four years, as college does. It may take a lifetime, as when one marries and cares for a family. It may be exceedingly hard, as it is to be a true Christian in the crowd at school or at play. Everyone gets tired of a job at times. Every job is monotonous unless varied with hobbies or other kinds of work. But the person who wins is the one who has self-control enough to persist, no mat-

ter what the cost in time, or effort or sacrifice.

When the government wanted to send 3000 reindeer across the mountains of Alaska and the frozen wastes of northwestern Canada to feed the starving Esquimaux, they begged Andy Behr, a man of 60, to do the work for them.

"You are the only man we know who can drive the herd the three long years that such a trek will take and arrive with fifty deer. We will be satisfied with less than fifty, if you will only go." At first he refused. He was tired of the hard life of a herder. But when he thought of the starving children, he said, "Well, I will go, but don't expect me to get there with fifty deer. If I get there at all, I will get there with 3000. I would be ashamed to make a failure of a government job."

He knew the trek might take three years, but it took five. In that time he faced death, starvation, loneliness and almost unbelievable problems. Day and night, winter and summer, sick or well, Andy Behr tended the herd and encouraged the herders who made the journey with him. Then one day those starving families heard the tramp of hoofs and the cry of herders as a long line of reindeer came rushing across the frozen Mackenzie River.

"He has come! He has come! Our savior has come!" they cried, as they watched 3000 and more deer race into the corral that had been provided for them.

"How did you learn to persist when the way was so long and hard?" he was asked.

"I learned it from my father when I was in my teens," he replied. "I was taught to believe that a hero kept on to the finish, but a coward stopped when he felt like it." Today Andy Behr is a world hero, especially to the people of northwestern Canada.

Character is not formed by doing the easy things; not even by doing what you are forced to do. It is formed and deepened as one chooses to do the right thing, no matter how hard, or how monotonous; and by trying regularly to finish the thing that you yourself have chosen to do.

In Apology

Convinced that I'm a husband who
Is hardly near perfection,
I understand, my dear, why you
At times evince dejection.

That you have cause enough to fret
There's really no denying—
In many things, I know, my pet,
You find me very trying.

For instance, I'm aware that I
Neglect my clothes completely,
Unless you're ever standing by
To keep me dressing neatly.

The fact that I'm a problem, dear,
I feel must be conceded;
But can't you find a little cheer
In knowing how you're needed?

—RICHARD WHEELER

Mrs. Housewife,

By
Leonard
Brummett

Meet

THE MASTER

—Eva Luoma.



A PERPLEXITY common to a great many people was voiced by a housewife when she cried, "How can I follow Jesus? He was not a housewife!" To those who agree with her in spirit it seems right and easy for the preacher, the teacher or the philosopher to be a follower of this Galilean Teacher but such a life is neither right nor easy for the machinist, the technician in a plastic factory, or the modern housewife. Jesus was none of these.

Yet when Christianity was in its infancy we have records of some who did not feel their means of livelihood were incompatible with following Jesus. Paul and his fellow workers, Aquila and Priscilla, were makers of tents. Lydia was a business woman who sold purple cloth. Dorcas was a seamstress who was known for her coats. Their discipleship did not depend upon the vocation of Jesus.

Jesus, moreover, had an interesting encounter with a housewife named Martha, who, unblessed and unburdened by modern conveniences, reacted to her duties in a pattern which is familiarly twentieth century: "She was anxious and troubled about many things." We would assume that Jesus was interested in Martha's profession as a housewife but he was not primarily interested in that. He was more

*Title suggested by Peter Marshall's *Mr. Jones, Meet the Master*.

concerned with her behavior under the stress of the occasion. It is to this that he ministers today. He is not antiquated by electrical egg-beaters and mechanical dish washers. The use of such things by today's anxious and troubled housewife makes her allegiance to him all the more vital. Mrs. Housewife, meet the Master!

I

What does Jesus do for the housewife? *For one thing he uplifts her calling and offers her a cure for monotony.* Tedium is one of the first demons to elevate its head and challenge the security and happiness of the young bride. Housekeeping almost always begins in a song of glory. It is new and exciting. This is a home which is hers alone. It is a pleasure to iron handkerchiefs and fold them neatly or to experiment at cooking different foods for the first time. But soon the ironing of handkerchiefs may become a tiresome necessity and the preparing of dishes may become boring when there seem to be no new recipes. The same four walls in the same house stand in mocking silence around the housewife each day. The glamour of keeping house has sprouted wings and flown out the window.

There is little wonder that when the *élan* of newness leaves a home the housewife's joy for living and serving is darkened and her temper is shortened. When these nerves clash with those of a tired husband home from work, or with the high spirits of frolicking children home from play, there is little chance for the survival of harmony. That is why Family Service Bureaus are full of advice-seeking housewives who have become handmaidens of monotony.

To avoid such conditions as these, Jesus teaches the housewife the dignity of her calling. For, when he sanctifies the home by showing that it possesses the Kingdom of Heaven in miniature, the work of the mistress of a home assumes a regal distinction. The housewife is the stage-setter for the first act of life's drama. It is she who paints the brilliance or the drabness of the scenery. She controls the switch which either illumines

the players with character or causes them to grope in darkness. And all through the many acts and changing scenes she remains backstage to coach the actors over faltering lines. Who would desire a calling more valued than that of a homemaker or a mother?

It is from a recognition of the importance of the job she does that the housewife learns the practice of patience. Many tasks must of necessity be repeated. Many todays will seem the same as all the yesterdays. But if the task is important enough, that significance will itself be a mint of strength. A schoolteacher who had taught the first grade for forty years was questioned by an acquaintance, "Doesn't it ever become tiresome, teaching the same old subjects year after year?" To which the teacher replied, "I don't teach subjects; I teach pupils." That teacher could not have lasted forty years in the first grade if she had not had that guiding principle. No housewife can survive three years without succumbing to monotony unless she recalls that Jesus, in stressing the importance of human personality, has exalted her calling. Jesus was not a housewife but he knew what could have been the monotony of day after day spent over the carpenter's bench. Yet, his life was the essence of joy.

Therefore, Mrs. Housewife, you have a duty: To do with respect, the needed chores that are yours: To let the sameness of each day inspire you to do things in different and interesting ways, for imagination has redeemed many a home. To develop companion interests which will bring enrichment to your family.

II

Jesus further helps the housewife by emancipating her from the slavery of things and making her the mistress of pots and pans, brooms and mops. Slavery sometimes follows monotony but it may arise from other sources, too. It may be the result of overwork or of a schedule crammed with many unnecessary things. The modern homemaker easily becomes enslaved by the mechanisms of our life. An

annoying alarm charges her to commence the chores of a sixteen-hour day seven days a week and confronts her with the forbidding truth: there is no housewives' union. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner returning with the regularity of the minutes beg for her devotion. A clothes bag full of soiled garments reminds her that today is wash day. Prepared pastries, streamlined kitchens, and appliances like the modern washing machines have greatly lessened the load the housewife carries. But in answering the demands of machines she runs the risk of serving them and forgetting that the emphasis goes on serving the members of the family.

Jesus becomes the savior of the housewife when he sets a unifying purpose in her life which ties together the duties she maintains. He supplements the value of her calling with an urgent sense of mission. The everyday tasks may outnumber the sands of the sea but the purpose should be one. The housewife Martha had not found that center to her life. "She was anxious and troubled about many things." Paul had found his purpose and out of a busy career as teacher, missionary, organizer, tentmaker he could say, "This one thing I do." Martha was so occupied with the minutia of serving

Biblegram Solution

(See page 40.)

"I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." (The Acts 20, 35.)

The Words

A. Pheasant	M. Shelves
B. Bootee	N. Invite
C. Cooler	O. Joshua
D. Towhead	P. Whisk
E. Weedy	Q. Blight
F. Tightrope	R. Wing
G. Gomorrah	S. Wolves
H. Fleet	T. Shutin
I. Tuesday	U. Harmed
J. Sherbet	V. Rodeo
K. Sodom	W. Irate
L. Shutout	

that she forgot why she was serving. She thought that she could more ably serve her guest by seeing that every detail of the household functioned like clockwork, than she could by sitting at his feet and becoming his disciple. Martha bought her religion in the huge, sudsy, efficacious, economy-size. Martha, like many of today's housewives, was an efficiency expert, but she did not know why she was efficient. Jesus illuminates the housewife's motives by pointing her to the real bases of her home which lie in the quality and the human warmth of her service. Jesus was not a housewife but his actions were not aimless when he tried to instill within his unfinished disciples a hunger for faith, hope, and love.

Therefore, Mrs. Housewife, you have a duty: To weed out from your life any interest which does not assist in your life's purpose.

III

Jesus opens the housewife's front door and acquaints her with a community that desperately needs the influence of a Christian home. A home which does not consciously relate itself to other homes about it, has reached the same stage in its development as an orange several days on the other side of being ripe. A home cannot prevent itself from contact with other homes but unless the contacts are guided they may be far from helpful and consist of nothing more than a loud radio or a trespassing puppy. As far as the community is concerned a house whose door is always shut might just as well be a stagnant pool. It contributes little more to the community's betterment. Furthermore, the housewife who develops no interests beyond her own home is likely to reflect this condition in a poverty of service to her family.

As the Master of human relationships informs us that apart from others we are not our fullest selves, so he directs the housewife to a concern for the welfare of her neighborhood. An old cartoon shows a young lad who had been trying his hand at ironing. For a short time he had been distracted by some childish pleasure and upon return-

ing found that the iron had burned its way clear through the ironing board and was dangling near the floor. At this point the boy's mother appears and remarks, "Darling, Mother doesn't mind your ironing, but you iron too much in one place!" The housewife who "irons too much" at home finds herself deprived of many useful contacts. It is a widely recognized fact that too many of today's women "iron too much" away from home and that state of affairs is worse than the first. Jesus' story of the leaven which, in its humble beginning, grew till the loaf was leavened might well apply to a home which becomes a wholesome colony and spreads its influence via the housewife till the whole of the community is leavened. The housewife is perhaps the most effective transmitter of culture. Only she can put that culture to a practical test in the kitchen or in the living room. So Jesus says of her and her capabilities as a home missionary, "Let your light so shine."

Therefore, Mrs. Housewife, you have a duty: To find your station in the ranks of community action not in order to escape your home but in order to refine it; to link your home to your church; to cultivate the spiritual fountains in your home so that others could say there is a "church in thy house."

Follow Jesus, Mrs. Housewife? Why not follow him? You have long been unashamed devotees of Thomas Edison and George Westinghouse. Were they housewives? Somehow in following them but in neglecting Jesus you have deprived this country of a steady influence the inventors have been powerless to give. When you have thought that Jesus was only for the professionally religious but not for you, you have caused a blight of futility to descend upon yourselves and your home which the contrivers of gadgets are unable to lift. When you have become anxious and troubled about many things you have been tempted to turn from him who alone held for you the key to life. Mrs. Housewife, meet the Master!

A GOOD FIRST AID
FOR A BURN IS A
SOLUTION OF STRONG
TEA, APPLIED WITH
STERILE GAUZE



When the Family Goes to Church

(From page 16.)

meaningful and happy than any other agency. When he takes his place in the family pew his preliminary training will help him to understand more fully not only what is said, but what is done in the service.

One of the reasons why our churches suffer from the inactivity of their members stems from the attitude which many parents take toward church membership. They encourage their children to join the church at an early age and feel that when this important matter is attended to there is nothing further to do. It is as though they said, "There, now, John, you're a member of the church. It's a paid-up insurance policy for a good wholesome character and everlasting life." Family worship is not deemed necessary nor is there a careful, reasoned explanation of the necessity for a well-rounded program of Christian living. When the family goes to church as a unit and worships together, home life is strengthened and the kingdom of God comes a bit nearer realization.

"... no man shall brew for me a cup of hemlock, and make me drink it."

SUSAN MINOT and her son, Fred, aged four, were driving homeward from a visit to her childhood home in Virginia. For Susan, much of the beauty that stilled the heart had been marred by the ever-present signs along the way, "Colored," "White," "For Whites Only." Well, at four, fortunately, Fred could not read the signs. Susan was grateful for this. She said, "I am glad that he can enjoy the beauty of the countryside now. When he is old enough to develop compassion and understanding, not acceptance of things as they are, I'll let him come again."

In Washington, they were met by one of Susan's former teachers. Miss O'Hara was a brilliant, gracious, deeply spiritual woman. Miss O'Hara told Susan that she was driving to Mt. Vernon that day. "You and Fred must see Mt. Vernon. Every American child should visit this shrine." As they were about to enter the home of the "Father of His Country," Susan stopped abruptly. A hard, bitter look came over her face. Miss O'Hara asked, "What has happened, Susan?" After a desperate struggle to keep back tears, Susan answered, "I have been so thoroughly reconditioned on this trip that I was looking for the Jim Crow signs here. Is there no Balm in Gilead for those who wear the shroud of color in our American scene?" Miss O'Hara was very gentle and quiet as she exclaimed that there would be no evident Jim Crow signs in Mt. Vernon even though the shadow of Jim Crow was as thick as a London fog over the city of Washington.

Miss O'Hara was silent for a while and then she almost prayerfully asked, "Susan, promise me that you will not hate; that you will not let Fred hate. All around me the cup of poison may be brewing, but I've promised my Heavenly Father that no man shall brew for me a cup of hemlock, and make me drink it. Promise, Susan."

Susan came back to her Harlem home with this promise in her heart. She began to ponder over the costly consequences that would

result for all Americans, if the hearts of Negro mothers ever became reservoirs of hate. She began to repeat to herself Bonaro Overstreet's¹ sensitive and challenging lines:

"Did you ever wonder
About the job a Negro mother
faces . . .
How you'd do that job if it was
yours?
Would you try to keep a young-
ster having hopes
Only the size of his chances?
Or would you try
To give him hopes so big he'd
break his heart...
But maybe make it easier, in
some way,
For others, coming later, to have
their chance?
That was my Mom's way . . . but
she always said
The wanting had to be larger
than yourself
Or it just made you ugly . . ."

Susan and her husband, John, talked a long time that evening about their responsibility as Christian parents to see that Fred should have the kind of experiences which would inoculate him against the blighting effect of prejudice. They prayed that they could help him to become permanently sensitive to injustice and pain suffered by others because of differences in skin color, in forms of worship or in economic backgrounds. They prayed too, that they and Fred would acquire the

¹Bonaro Overstreet's "A Negro Soldier Said". Used by permission.

art of being kind—of not being able to be comfortable when people anywhere around them were uncomfortable.

An interracial Youth Committee met at the Minot's home to plan the Youth Fellowship Program for one of the great denominations. As the members sat at the dinner table the radio began to tell of Japanese war atrocities. A radio commentator began to use ugly epithets in referring to the Japanese people. Fred, now nine, had been listening intently, but all the while sat watching a very charming Japanese girl, who was a member of the Committee. When the group had gone, Fred asked, "Mother, is Fugi 'Japanese'?" "Yes," replied Susan, "Why do you ask?" "She is lovely," said Fred. "The radio said that Japanese people are bad. We have read some of the same things in the newspapers, too."

"Fugi is lovely," said Susan. "There must be many people in Japan who are equally as lovely. Among the thousands of Japanese citizens removed from their homes in our own country, there must be many Fugi's. The war lords are not the only Japanese people. Fred,

By NORA
JILES
HILL

A Mother Faces PREJUDICE

war itself is horrible, and in times of war, people see and say many horrible and ugly things about each other.

"You and Mike have always been such good friends. One day you and he had a fight. You called him an old dumbbell, stinkpot. He called you a cross-eyed monster."

Fred smiled, "I don't remember this fight. Mike is one of my best friends."

"Would you like to invite Fugi to be your guest at Sunday school the day we have visitors from other sections of the city?" Susan asked. Fugi came as a Sunday school guest and later to spend the day with the Minot family. Thus was a rich, new friendship begun, and the beginning of a deepened appreciation and understanding of another group of God's children.

TEN-YEAR-OLD Fred asked, "Mother and Daddy, can you spare me for the Thanksgiving holiday? Bill asked me to spend our school vacation at his country home." Bill, Fred's school mate, lived in a large, expensive house in one of the fashionable sections of the city. Bill had Fred almost goggle-eyed over the prospects of ice skating, horse back riding and other sports at his family's country estate.

Susan asked her husband the wisdom of Fred's accepting hospitality where he could never hope to return it in kind.

John asked Susan if she had forgotten what she had been reading that evening—"for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he posseseth." (Luke 12:15.) Susan remembered.

A few days after the boys returned from the country, Fred asked if he could invite Bill to have luncheon and spend a Saturday afternoon with him. Bill came to Fred's small, walk-up apartment in a less-privileged section of the city. He found this humble home bright with sunshine and laughter. There were beautiful flowers, good books, and quiet music. Bill was thrilled at being allowed to help in the kitchen and to bring the trays of food to the dining room. As Bill was leaving for home, he said, "Fred, thank you for a happy day."

I like your home very much." Fred replied, "Thank you, Bill, I like your home too."

Susan said to herself, "No doubt there's something strikes a balance." Why should parents let the possession of money or the lack of it, create artificial barriers for their children—shutting them off from appreciation and understanding, and the joy of finding beauty in unexpected places.

One day when Fred was eleven, he brought home from school a bag of tasty candied grapefruit peel. Jane, one of his classmates, made the candy from a recipe left by her great-grandmother from Georgia. The children's teacher urged them to purchase the candy. He thought it was a fine way for an eleven-

(Continued on page 44)



—Harold M. Lambert.

Gracious Spirit, Dwell With Me

Gracious Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where, unaided, man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave to Thee.

—BY THOMAS T. LYNCH.



WORSHIP IN THE

with You

O Grant Us Light, That We May Know

O grant us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtues bless where'er we live.

O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our seeking minds to Thee,
And love Thy holy Word the more.

O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart,
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

—BY LAWRENCE TUTTIETT.

Prayer

Dear Lord, as we accept these blessings, give us
the gift of cheerful hearts to match the beauty of
the day. Make all our thoughts good thoughts, in
harmony with thy Spirit. Fill us with thy love, and
we will give thee all the praise and the glory. Amen.¹

—WILLIAM CLOUGH.

¹From *Father, We Thank Thee* by William Clough. Copyright 1949 by Pierce and Smith. By permission of Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

Worshiping God

LONG AGO the writer of Proverbs said, "For he (a man) thinketh within himself, so is he." Modern psychology confirms this ancient wisdom. We know that thoughts have a powerful influence over the body. When one thinks he is sick, he usually does get sick. Thinking angry or bitter thoughts can produce physical illness.

Thoughts influence appearance and disposition too. When one thinks beautiful thoughts, he becomes beautiful in appearance. When one thinks lovely thoughts, he is lovely in speech and action. When one thinks kindly thoughts, he is kind in his deeds.

The reverse is also true. When one thinks lovely and bitter thoughts, he becomes unlovely and embittered in looks. When one thinks mean and ugly thoughts, he becomes mean, hard and ugly in disposition. When one thinks evil thoughts, he usually commits evil deeds.

The way of happiness lies in thinking of good in others and not in thinking critically of their actions. Jesus warned about the consequences of harsh and critical thoughts of others.

Judge not, that you be not judged. For by the judgment you pronounce you will be judged, and the measure you give will be the measure you get. Why do you see the speck that is in your brother's eye, but do not notice the log that is in your own eye? Or how can you say to your brother, 'Let me take the speck out of your eye when there is the log in your own eye?' You hypocrite, first take the log out of your own eye, then you will see clearly to take the speck out of your brother's eye.

—Matthew 7:1-5

Controlling one's thoughts is not easy, but with consistent discipline, it can be done. Paul knew this was true and he once said that the way to be the kind of person pleasing to God was to "put

Children



I Like to Think of Jesus

I like to think of Jesus
So loving, kind, and true
That when he walked among his friends
His friends were loving, too.

I like to think of Jesus
With children at his knee;
And hear his gentle words again,
"Let children come to me."

I like to think of Jesus
So loving, kind, and true
That sometimes when I think of him
It makes me loving, too.¹

—BY ELIZABETH MCE. SHIELDS.

In Our Thoughts

"... thought captive to obey Christ." (2 Cor. 4:2) The psalmist also recognized this fact and

will meditate on thy precepts,
and have respect unto thy ways.
will delight myself in thy statutes:
will not forget thy word.

—Psalm 119:15-16.

With my whole heart have I sought thee:
let me not wander from thy commandments.
My word have I laid up in my heart,
that I might not sin against thee.

—Psalm 119:10-11.

Saul prayed that God would direct his thoughts
they would be pleasing to God.
Let the words of my mouth and the meditation
of my heart
acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my rock, and
my redeemer.

—Psalm 19:14.

Saul once said that a Christian should always
think positive and good things.
Finally, brethren, whatever is true, whatever is
honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, what-
ever is lovely, whatever is gracious, if there is any
excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise,
think about these things.

—Philippians 4:8.

The writers of the psalms thought often of God.
Their writings reflect their thought of him.
Throughout many long years the psalms have given
inspiration and strength to persons trying to
live as God wanted them to live. Perhaps the
verses listed below, the poems and prayers on
these pages will help you to think of God. Psalms
8:3-5; 63:5-6; 119:59, 97.

I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He
said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

—BY JEMIMA T. LUKE.

Be Thanks to Thee

Be thanks to thee, O Father, for all the happy year;
For springtime with its beauty, and summer with
its cheer;
For autumn with its treasure of fruit and golden ear.

Be thanks to thee, O Father, for every laughing
plain,
That bears a yellow harvest of plenteous ripened
grain,
For every smiling valley, that yields its fruit again.

For father and for mother, and home our thanks we
give;
For sister and for brother and food by which we
live;
For love and play and sunshine, in which we grow
and thrive.

And thanks to thee, O Father, for all thy tender
care;
For life that thou hast given, the earth so wondrous
fair;
For all the countless blessings, thy loving children
share.

—BY MARY BLAKE.

¹From *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*. By permission of the Westminster Press.

Cadwallader and the Canary

A Story

by

ELEANOR HAMMOND

CADWALLADER CUCKOO lived a useful and well-behaved life in a small apartment in the top of the Johnsons' wall clock. Each hour and each half hour Cadwallader opened his small door, popped out on his tiny porch and told the family what time it was with a suitable number of cuckoo calls.

Cadwallader had been doing this so long and so faithfully that nobody paid much attention to him. Sometimes this lack of attention made Cadwallader quite sad.

"A few words of praise would mean a great deal to me," Cadwallader thought. "Nobody likes being taken for granted."

One evening when Cadwallader opened his little door to give the six cuckoo calls which meant: "Dinner time!" he almost forgot to give his time signal. There on the livingroom table was a fine shining brass cage. Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson and Karen Johnson were leaning over the cage. Even Bobby, the baby, was trying to climb out of his play pen to get a better look at it.

Inside the cage was a small yellow bird.

"Oh, isn't he the cutest canary you ever saw?" Karen Johnson squealed.

Mrs. Johnson offered the canary a piece of apple. Mr. Johnson poked his finger between the bars and whistled at the yellow bird.

Bobby, the baby, waved his fat arms and said: "Glub-glub-glub!"

"What shall we call him?" Karen said.

Mr. Johnson said that the bird's

name was Cuthbert Canary and that he was a gifted singer with a fine tenor voice.

"Cuckoo - cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo!" Cadwallader called—but nobody paid the least attention to him. He went into his apartment and slammed his door.

Cadwallader felt very much like sulking in the days that followed. Every time he looked out, it seemed that somebody was paying attention to Cuthbert Canary.

"I've a very great mind to just stay indoors and stop telling those Johnsons the time of day!" Cadwallader told himself. "What use is it being prompt and reliable when nobody notices?"

All the same, Cadwallader went on cuckooing regularly on the hours and half hours. "It will not help matters if I behave badly," he told himself firmly. "I should know I was doing wrong—even if nobody else noticed. It is best to have a clear conscience."

But Cadwallader could not help feeling rather bitter about the attention that was lavished upon the yellow bird, who did nothing more useful than hop from one perch to another and warble long trills and runs which meant nothing whatever.

"I wish Cuthbert would move elsewhere," Cadwallader thought grumpily.

But Cuthbert Canary went on receiving much attention, while faithful Cadwallader Cuckoo received very little notice.

One evening, after the Johnsons had all gone to bed, Cadwallader came out of his small door to give

eleven cuckoo calls. But as soon as he reached his porch, he paused, staring across the room.

There on the table, just below Cuthbert Canary's cage, crouched a long lean gray cat. It was the tomcat who lived in the alley behind the house. He had sneaked in unnoticed when Mrs. Johnson carried out the garbage and hidden in a dark corner until the Johnsons retired. Now the cat was lifting a long lean gray paw toward the bars of Cuthbert's cage.

Cadwallader gasped. "This will be the end of Cuthbert, the canary tenor," Cadwallader thought. "There won't be a feather of him left when that hungry tomcat gets through with him!"

Cadwallader chuckled with satisfaction. "It won't be *my* fault if Cuthbert disappears down that cat's throat," he told himself.

Then there was a warning whir—which might have been the clock's works or might have been Cadwallader's conscience. Cadwallader drew a deep breath.

"No," he thought. "I can't sit here and watch the cat devour Cuthbert. I must save him—if I can!"

Cadwallader threw out his chest and opened his bill. "Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo—" he shouted loudly and suddenly.

THE CAT GAVE a startled leap. He jumped off the table and looked around. Then his green eye fastened on Cadwallader. The cat gave a low angry growl.

He gave a great leap—straight for Cadwallader.

Cadwallader felt like retiring hastily and slamming his door—but he still had several cuckoo calls to give. Summoning all his courage he stood his ground.

"Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo—" Cadwallader shouted.

The cat's claws almost reached him, but not quite. They raked the face of the clock. They tangled in the weights and chains below it. The cat yowled as he fell to the floor. The clock works whirred.

"Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo—" Cadwallader shouted at the top of his voice. "Help-help-help!"

Mr. Johnson came rushing downstairs in his pajamas. Mrs. John-

Mother Year's STORY

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,"

the Months chanted gaily as they pranced about. Soon they tired of playing, and gathered about Mother Year asking questions.

"Why do I have only twenty-eight days when December has thirty-one?" asked February.

"Why do I always come in the spring?" asked April.

"Why is my name July?" asked July.

Mother Year was knitting a day with hours and minutes and seconds, but she carefully laid aside the day and quietly folded her hands.

"Questions, questions, questions," she scolded, smilingly. "If you will sit down and be quite still I will answer your questions with a story."

"Mother Year is going to tell a story," the little Months chorused with great excitement. And Mother Year began.

"It all started when the world was very young. Man looked up

son came after him with her bathrobe flapping. Karen Johnson followed squealing.

Mr. Johnson grabbed the broom. Mrs. Johnson shooed the cat toward the back door, flapping her bathrobe at him. Karen Johnson slapped at the cat's tail with the hearth brush.

The long lean gray cat disappeared into the night outside.

"Cuckoo-cuckoo - cuckoo - cuckoo -" Cadwallader shouted triumphantly. "Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo -"

"Goodness!" Mrs. Johnson put her hands over her ears.

"Something has gone wrong with the clock," Mr. Johnson said, untangling the weights and chains

that regulated the clockworks.

But Karen Johnson smiled up at Cadwallader. "You are the best and bravest little bird in the whole world, Cadwallader!" she told him. "Thank you for saving that canary's life!"

"Cheep-trrrr!" Cuthbert Canary remarked.

But nobody paid any attention to him. All the Johnsons were looking lovingly at Cadwallader Cuckoo.

"Cuckoo!" Cadwallader said modestly. Then he went into his little apartment and closed the door quietly. He felt quite happy. "Doing the right thing does pay in the long run, I see," he told himself.

be a year, from spring until spring comes again."

"Man found he needed to write down the divisions of time, so he tried to make a calendar. He took a year and divided it into ten months. But man found he must add days here and there as the years went by. Sometimes he had to add a whole month. Man had much trouble with his calendar. Once Man had March at the beginning of summer."

"In the beginning of summer," March cried aloud. "How awful."

"Sh-sh," the months cried. "Let Mother Year tell the story." And Mother Year continued.

"Yes, and at one time Man had the day on which springs begins ten days too soon. If Man had used that calendar for years and years, March would have been found in the winter."

"How terrible," March exclaimed.

"Sh-sh," shushed the Months.

"Man tried different calendars until he finally found one that would work. With the new calendar a month was no longer equal to a moon. Different months had different number of days. Some had thirty days and some had thirty-one. And February, oh, how important you are!"

Mother Year looked fondly at her child, and February straightened up, very proudly.

"Without you, Man would have the Months all mixed up again. It's your twenty-ninth day that comes every Leap Year that keeps the months in line."

"Now tell us how we got our names," July called out, for he was tired of seeing February get so much attention. And Mother Year continued.

YOU WERE ALL named by Men called Romans. And very good names they gave you. The Romans believed in many gods, and honored some of them by giving you their names. January—the first of my months—what a fitting sponsor you have. You were named for Janus, the god of beginnings. The Romans called his name whenever they began something new. Janus had two faces, one that looked to the past and one that looked to

the future. Janus was the guardian of gates which open two ways. Do you not have a good name, January?

"February, you were named for the god Februa. The Romans honored the god Februa by cleaning their houses and temples during your month. Mars is your sponsor, March—Mars, the great god of war. Like your winds, he rode very fast through the sky in a war chariot pulled by four fiery horses. He was much like you, my March, blowing and blustering.

"April, your name comes from a word, a Latin word 'aperio,' which means 'to open.' You do, indeed, 'open;' you open the doors to spring, open the flowers, the leaves on the trees. April and spring, what beautiful names for a lovely season.

"May, you were named for the goddess Maia, the lovely mother of Mercury, the messenger god. The Romans told a story about Maia. She, with her seven sisters, were changed into beautiful stars in the sky. You, May, complete the won-

derful season April begins. June, your name was given in honor of the queen of the Roman gods, Juno, the goddess of marriage. Is it not true that you, June, are the favorite month of the brides?

"July and August, you were named for two great Roman rulers, emperors so great the Romans came to worship them as gods. July for Julius Caesar and August for Augustus Caesar.

"September, you begin the numbers, for the rest of my months are not named but numbered. Septem means seven, octem—eight, novem—nine, decem—ten."

"But, Mother Year," December protested, "I am not the tenth month. I am the twelfth."

"I know, December. But, you see, when you were numbered Man's year began in March, which made you the tenth month then."

"Do you suppose," January asked, "Man will change the calendar again?"

"I do not know, January. Perhaps he will. Perhaps he may want to give all my Months the same

number of days. Perhaps he may want to change your names."

February began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at, my February?" Mother Year wanted to know.

"I was thinking," February answered, "if Man changes the calendar we will have to have a new song. This one will be all wrong." And February went merrily back to his playing, singing—

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
But me, and I have twenty-eight
And in Leap Year twenty-nine."

Little children are still the
symbol of the eternal marriage
between love and duty.

George Eliot

HOPEFUL HERBERT



Hopeful Herbert's very happy
and he's shouting far and near,
So that all his friends and neighbors
will be mighty sure to hear
Of the Genocide Convention
the United Nations passed.
So that those who plot mass murder
can be brought to trial at last.

*Genocide—the mass destruction of people because of their race, religion or political beliefs



Herbert knows despotic rulers
never care whose blood is spilled;
Through the ages, groups of many
creeds and races have been killed.
Since the reign of ancient Nero
when the Christian martyrs died.
There has been no form of justice
that could punish genocide.



That's why Herbie is so grateful
to be living at a time
When all nations have united
to make genocide a crime.
For he knows that would-be tyrants
will think twice before they try
Killing men to gain more power
with a world law standing by.

Helping the United Nations, Herb knows is the thing to do, For if you work for the U.N., The U.N. will work for you.

Causes and cures for those "scholastic dry spells."

By

Bernard Ikeler



—Eva Luoma.

It's Not Your

Homework

DO YOU THINK we should help Sam with his homework?" Mrs. Jones asked. Her frown was both doubtful and anxious. "We've tried it occasionally, and it's quite a struggle, frankly. But if his grades keep falling off . . ." Mrs. Jones lapsed into gloomy silence.

"No," I told Mrs. Jones, "I don't think helping Sam with homework is the answer. But I do think there *is* something you can do."

Mrs. Jones smiled hopefully.

"Would you tell me what?" she asked.

"I'm just guessing," I said, "but I believe Sam's had some sort of emotional upset."

Mrs. Jones nodded. She explained that the previous summer Sam's best friend—a fine, robust lad—had died of polio. During the same period, Sam's father had been unemployed and so had done a great deal of drinking. In short, Sam was not merely sour on school: he was sour on life.

The problem was a complicated

one. But the Joneses, together with their pastor, helped Sam regain his emotional balance. Today, he is a good student. More important, he is a happy young man.

Most parents, sooner or later, find themselves faced with a problem not unlike the Joneses'. The boy or girl who gets through school without at least one major scholastic dry spell, is the exception rather than the rule.

When it happens, what does the wise parent do?

He begins by convincing himself that no irretrievable catastrophe has occurred. He persuades himself that neither he, his offspring nor the school is consciously at fault. Then, reasonably certain that he can discuss the problem objectively, he talks with one or more of his child's teachers.

He may, in certain cases, be advised to coach his son or daughter at home. For example, a student who has difficulty comprehending what he reads for himself, can often be helped by his parent's reading to him. In other cases, the parent may be advised to employ a

But . . .

tutor, or to place the student in a special school.

But these cases are unusual. I want to confine myself to the more common problem of the student who is making low marks despite the fact that he possesses superior or average intelligence, no particular learning handicap, and good health.

Such a student will probably be hindered, not helped, by his par-

ent's giving him assistance with homework. The truth is that parents, however intelligent and well-educated, almost invariably make a botch of teaching their own children.

Their motives are *too* good. They are too eager, too anxious. There is too much of the personal element in their efforts. Because they are upset, they upset the child. The result is usually a clash of wills, with little or no learning.

Moreover, when parental coaching does apparently succeed—does end in better marks—it succeeds at the cost of the student's self-confidence. Ordinarily, a student who wins a mark, no matter how high, on the basis of help received at home, feels that he has failed, rather than achieved. This sense of defeat is too high a price to pay for *any* kind of grade.

Hence my conviction that a parent had best leave responsibility for homework rest squarely on the student's own shoulders.

Do I seem bent on pushing parents out of the picture entirely? I certainly hope not. In fact, I should like to urge parents in the opposite direction. For you parents can do the really vital things which we teachers can merely talk about.

You can see to it that your child studies under circumstances which enable him to work at top efficiency—to concentrate. You can see to it that he is freed from undue interruption and distraction.

. . . Here, of course, I run headlong into the question of whether the younger generation can, as they insist, study efficiently with the radio at their elbow going full blast.

I AM WILLING to agree that modern youth has proved its ability to adapt to things which would drive the rest of us mad. Still, I think it sensible to persuade a child against studying to the accompaniment of thrillers or jazz if he has not already developed the habit. In any event, the radio should be kept below the deafening point. . . .

Experts say that children and young people concentrate best when they study in a set place and at a set time. It would be wise,

then, to help your child fix up a spot which he can dedicate strictly to study—with space for pencils, paper, reference books, etc., with a good light and a comfortable (not *too* comfortable) chair.

A substitute teacher in Sunday school questioning her pupils about Matthew, Mark, Luke and John without gratifying results, finally queried, "Now surely you can tell me who St. Peter was!" The face of a small boy flushed deeply with his display of knowledge as he said in a little voice, "I think he was a rabbit."

Frances Brown

will probably have a rough time with Shakespeare.

I am not, of course, implying that every parent must be an authority on English literature. I am suggesting that no wise parent cultivates a closed mind to all matters beyond the realm of his job or his social set. For he understands that by limiting his own mental horizons, he limits his child's.

Does your child explain his low marks by saying that he is not interested in school? Perhaps he is taking subjects that do not fit him, in which case he should switch courses at the first opportunity. On the other hand, he may be reflecting your own indifference to the values of learning, in which case you should try to change your attitude.

Let me make what I believe is an even more important point in connection with home influence—the point illustrated by the case of Sam Jones.

SAM'S PROBLEM WAS one which no teacher could have solved. No teacher has, or should assume, the right to meddle in a student's emotional difficulties. Often, the difficulty is the direct product of family tension—money worries or marital maladjustments. This kind of problem is completely outside the area which schools can treat.

Only parents know the facts, control the factors, and have the emotional relationship necessary to anyone who would help a child thus upset.

Though teachers cannot themselves get to the center of emotional difficulties, they can—in a very general way—give advice. Essentially, that advice is: Face your own problems honestly and fearlessly; your child will learn to do the same thing with his problems.

There is no human spectacle more tragic than that of a boy or girl who is hopelessly ensnared in the self-delusions and immaturities of his parents. He is the victim of circumstances which he did not create—worse, over which he has no control.

(Continued on page 44.)

Family Counselors

Question: I am sixteen years old. My parents make me baby-sit with my little brothers several nights a week. I can't ever plan to do anything because I never know when I'll have to stay home. I'd like to earn some money baby-sitting, but my folks say my duty is to them, to help them save money. What shall I do?

Answer: I know how your parents feel, for sitters "come high" these days. It is a real temptation to use a member of one's own family and so avoid the expense. Most couples are kept at home while the children are little, so it is a wonderful feeling when the oldest is mature enough to stay with the little ones. On the other hand, I can see how you would like to earn a little money while you are babysitting, and certainly you are old enough to want to be able to make dates yourself sometimes without having them unceremoniously broken.

It would seem that a "family council" meeting, with a little mutual give and take, might solve your problem. Perhaps your parents will agree to let you know at the beginning of the week what nights they will need you. Perhaps they will agree to release you for other sitting jobs on certain nights each week. Perhaps they will realize that you need more money as you grow up, and will pay you a little if they need you on those "free" nights. Most parents realize the opportunity for growth in dependability which outside work gives their boys and girls of your age, and are glad to cooperate, even though it means a few more years of sacrifice on their part.

A bulletin board or calendar might help you and your parents to chart your time in a fair way. I know a family with your problem. They have come to a clear understanding with their daughter-sitter as to payment. When

she "sits" on week nights, when she would ordinarily be home anyway, she does it as a part of her share in the work of the household, being freed from certain other duties. But if it is on a week end when she might otherwise be out, she receives a small addition to her allowance.

E. N. J.

Question: I dread the summer vacation period because my children simply run wild all summer. I almost never know where they are or if they are at home someone else is there. Could you offer any suggestions for their guidance?

Answer: Personally I think summer vacation is one of the biggest experiences in a parent's life. It offers an opportunity to gain a child's confidence through hospitality to the child's friends.

In every neighborhood there is usually one house where the gang is allowed to congregate, while in dozens of other homes young guests are discouraged because the furniture might be scratched or flower beds trampled.

My own problem is not to worry about children running wild but to manage three gangs of three different ages. Our home is headquarters. Once in a while a mother plays hostess to her child's friends but very soon they drift back. I never question the children because in time they usually explain their actions. One evening at dinner after such a party, in the midst of our conversation my son broke in with "Gee I'm glad we don't have oriental rugs." Then I knew the answer for the early return from the party.

I wish I could impress on all mothers, in a household with children certain concessions have to be made to them. By this I do not mean that children should be destructive or that they should not be taught pride in having an attractive, well-kept home. But re-

member you can have that perfect order and quiet after the children are grown. While they are home it should be a process of sharing, with the privilege of "gangs" frequently and joyously. This is far more important than to have the yard with formal flower beds and the living room furniture with a spotless glass polish and cold uninviting order.

As a youngster, I remember many meals of thinned soup that tasted better than a banquet because the gang shared it with me and my family. They were always welcome with never a question as to how they would be received. Also, I remember going to the home of a girl who spent much time in my home. As soon as several of us went to her home her mother called her to another room. We heard her whisper, "Get those kids out before dinner time or they need not come back."

Mothers and fathers, this is the best way I know to "get a line" on your child and his friends without being nosey. Let your children know their gang is always welcome even if you have to be inconvenienced or go without your own piece of meat, salad, or dessert. Children will love you and your home for all your thoughtfulness. They will bless you for the happiest days of their lives and you can be sure there will be no running wild during vacation if you make them welcome at home.

D. F.



Dorothy
Faust



Elizabeth
N. Jones

ONE DAY three-year-old Margaret, her large brown eyes apprehensive, came to the clinic.

"She's always scared of the doctor," apologized her young mother, looking rather tense herself.

Ignoring the mother's remark, the nurse in charge addressed the small girl in a kind but matter-of-fact voice, "We're glad to see you, Margaret. Just sit right here with your mother and watch the other children be examined until it's your turn." The nurse drew up chairs, and as Margaret and her mother saw child after child file up to the doctor with absolute confidence, they gained courage, too.

The doctor's welcome further reassured both mother and child. "So you're Margaret, our new little friend," he said gravely shaking her tiny hand before the check-up. Realizing also that it was as important to win the mother as the child, he smiled at both of them.

Whether your child is afraid of the doctor or not depends greatly on your attitude. Children should be taught to regard doctors as their friends. They will, too, provided others—particularly the parents—



—Eva Luoma.

To this little lad the doctor is a friend who comes to help.

Is Your Child AFRAID of the Doctor?

do not frighten them, and the situation is dealt with honestly. Fear should never be suggested either by word or deed. But neither should a child be deceived about a visit to the doctor. It is better for parents to say that a doctor must hurt sometimes in order to help than to let this happen without warning.

If your child is afraid of the doctor try to find out the reason. Did you or somebody else make a foolish remark about the experience? Was your approach to it wrong?

Thoughtlessly a grown-up may scare a child by calling the doctor names. Chubby four-year-old Tommy with his shy but trusting smile climbed up onto the dental chair in a clinic. At that point a visitor arrived. Airily waving a

hand toward the dentist she cried: "Oh the bogey man is here this morning!" Was it any wonder that Tommy winced and resisted treatment although he never had before?

Another mistake is to threaten children with the doctor. "You're a bad boy; the doctor will scold you," screamed harassed Mrs. Jones when her pale-faced son Bobby, just turned five, refused to eat. Yet she could not understand why he made a scene the following week when she took him for his routine medical examination.

In her zeal to calm a child a mother may do the exact opposite. "Don't be afraid of the doctor; he won't hurt you," weary Mrs. O'Brien assured her timid daughter Pat. Unfortunately the words "afraid," "doctor," and "hurt,"

By

Ethel S. Beer

put ideas into Pat's head, so that she had to be literally dragged to the clinic. Besides when the doctor had to treat her running ear, she realized that her mother had lied. Misrepresentation of facts never is a safe way to convince children.

BUT WHEN CHILDREN are handled wisely they are won to the doctor very easily. Three-year-old Harry, a husky boy, kicked and screamed when he first came to the clinic so that it took three people to hold him. However his resistance waned because he realized that the doctors and nurses were truthful when they told him, "Harry, this will hurt," or "Harry, this will not hurt." Finally he pleaded to be examined, "Don't you want me?" he would ask every time he met the clinic nurse.

Children who regard the doctor as their friend rarely bear a grudge if he must hurt. Jimmie, a spoiled only child was a steady customer at the clinic. To the doctor he was an old chum although he rarely had anything serious the matter. Then one day Jimmie fell and cut his head, necessitating several stitches at the time and a series of dressings afterward. During the process Jimmie cried with reason. Nevertheless he did not lose faith in the doctor, cheerfully thanking him when each session was over. Somehow he sensed that the doctor was his true friend and appreciated his genuine interest, no matter what he did.

Intuitively children feel a doctor's desire to help and recognize his ability. Sad-eyed six-year-old Tony arrived at the clinic one afternoon, his badly burned hands swathed in untidy dirty bandages. Holding them up for inspection he begged, "Please Doc, you fix them for me." And his brother sheepishly added, "He wouldn't give me any peace 'til I brought him."

To be sure these children at-

tended a clinic small enough to have a remarkably intimate atmosphere. The most important part was the policy of the staff—a mixture of frankness, affection, and understanding which you, the parents can develop, too.

As parents your responsibility is twofold. Choose doctors carefully for their competence and skill in dealing with children. All doctors, including the specialists such as the dentist, eye doctor, nose and throat doctor, skin doctor, orthopedist, psychologist, and psychiatrist should have had experience with children. Definite training is an asset, particularly for the general physician, who preferably should be a pediatrician. As for the parents here are a few hints about their approach, although each child must also be considered individually.

1. Speak of the visit to the doctor casually as though it were an everyday event.

2. Do not suggest fear to the child even if you are upset yourself.

3. Warn your child calmly if he is going to be hurt. Always tell the truth and never try to fool him.

4. Encourage your child to be friendly with his doctor by your own manner and way of talking about him.

5. Reassure the child when frightened even if his fear is groundless.

6. Sympathize with your child when he is hurt but try not to be unduly emotional about it.

7. Do not scold or punish your child when he cries.

8. Do not threaten the child with the doctor as punishment. Emphasize that the doctor is the child's friend, particularly valuable because of his preparation and ability.

9. You may find valuable the use of picture and story books that will help establish a happy relationship between child and doctor.



—A. Devaney.

Children place an instinctive trust in the doctor's ability.

JERRY, SHOES in hand, padded barefoot through the kitchen where Mom was stacking plates and banged the back door. He felt guilty leaving her to do dishes alone, but, after all, junior prom wasn't every night. These shoes, now; he hoped that Cordovan dye would shine them up all right. Betty-Lee had said she was particular about shoes.

"Nothing on your feet, dear?" Mom called. "Remember, you were out of gym all week with a cold."

"Okay, Mom." Aw-w-w, she was always fussing. If it wasn't his health it was his private affairs. He certainly hoped she wouldn't find out who was going to the prom with him tonight. He was just sick of being always expected to take Joyce Robinson everywhere on account of being family friends and going to all her parties and that. Besides, Joyce was quite a child. Only sixteen.

This Betty-Lee, now. Funny he never noticed her before. Sharp, sharp. Expected a lot of you; so what? Oh, yes, the orchid—he still had to pick that up at Wong How's. How Mom would stare. He'd left it till the last so she wouldn't see the thing and get that reproachful look on her.

Applying gobs of dye he soon saw the shoes were really going to look swell. Betty-Lee would approve. Now if only Mom and Dad would get hep. He was seventeen. He had a right to his own life. It was sure tough to have his family treat him like an infant.

Shoes done, he set them on the shelf to dry and padded back upstairs. Have to get a move on. Shirt, pants, coat. No good tie. Get one out of Dad's closet, that one he gave Dad for his birthday. Get Dad's comb, too, while he was about it. Oh, yes, and wash that dye off his hands. Had to be absolutely on the beam for a girl like Betty-Lee. Scrub with the nailbrush, scrub savagely....

"Mom, come help me get some stain off my hands, will ya?"

Mom, plodding up and going into her routine, "Why on earth don't you wash before you put your shirt on?" Dad, calling from



Gold Diggers Preferred

A Story by

HELEN

FAULKNER

below, "And keep out of my things this time." Wood alcohol. Soap. More nailbrush. Hands cleaner if on the rough side and clock pointing to seven-forty. Soak the comb, slick down the hair. Rush for the dry shoes. Mom opening the front door for him, "Have fun, Jerry. And drive carefully. Remember you're responsible for Joyce's

safety." Joyce! A lot she knew. But he was in the car at last and hurrying to Wong How's. Relief! Whew, parents could be a burden!

PROM TURNED out to be a huge success and during the three weeks following, Jerry lived in a highly rarefied atmosphere. At bells he streaked down long high-school halls to the room fortunate enough to house Betty-Lee next; and she, glamorous, sauntering toward him from a moon-struck retinue of boys, would engage him in small talk until the final clang when with a light smile she would permit some satellite to close the door, leaving Jerry to arrive late in his distant classroom. At lunchtime he clutched his box (Betty-Lee thought paper bags were messy) and fought off aspirants to the junior bench until his lady deigned to join him. She would open her box languidly, look over its contents, and sigh with big eyes fixed on Jerry's.

"I just haven't the ambition to wade through another meat sandwich. It's too heavy for me somehow. I guess I don't care for any lunch. Unless maybe," glancing at some of his tempting items, "maybe, honey, just a weentsie bite of that white kind you have, tuna, is it?"

And Jerry, palpitating with pride, would tempt her with this and that from Mom's appetizing assortment, urging her to keep up her strength, running to buy her ice cream at the co-op, giving her even the chocolate bar or peanuts his mother might have packed as a surprise. Then they would engage in what was known as conversation, which more nearly approached monologue with Jerry on the listening end.

At the one o'clock bell his fragile but well-nourished deity would rise gracefully to her feet and permit him to be late again for class while he walked her to the door of her room, bidding him farewell with gracious smile and whispered word. Jerry, floating on air, would wander to the office for another "late-admit," stand stolidly while the Boss gave forth with yet another lecture, and appear finally in his own class to sit oblivious in the back row and dream of Betty-Lee.

HOWEVER, cold fact did presently disturb his dreams, for it was not long before he found the financial going rough. An orchid had been only the beginning. Ice cream, movies, trips to the drive-in, even loans for certain indispensable errands: "Jerry-boy, I just *have* to buy a new binder today and I forgot the money"—"Jerry, I need to stop for my formal at the cleaner's and I can't ask Mom. She said it didn't require anything a good pressing at

ing drowsy summer days, what with the basket lunches she fixed and Dad lending him the car and all. Well, he'd have that money soon. This week came term tests; next week school closed for the Christmas holiday, and his job at Lester's would begin.

Meanwhile he'd borrow against it from one of the fellows. Betty-Lee wanted to drive down into the country Saturday to a place called the Club, where for a consideration you could play, swim in the heated pool, eat at the canteen, all in the most swank surroundings. It would take cash, a lot more than prom even. He wondered how much.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday passed in a mental haze. Before this Jerry had always studied for term tests with Joyce; facts seemed to fall into place more easily as the two went over and over the hard spots together. But this time he felt free to ignore the custom, to cram or not as he wished. In fact, as Betty-Lee pointed out one morning, he must have done all the work anyhow, working with a girl that way. Girls, she assured him, didn't have men's brains. They weren't supposed to. He'd get along much better now by himself. And she thought that after the tests were all over this afternoon it might be fun to celebrate at the drive-in; that is, if he could get the car. But she knew he could. Her Jerry-boy could get whatever he wanted for his Betty-Leeums, couldn't he? It was a date.

So Jerry wandered from classroom to classroom, reading test questions unaccountably hard concerning events and processes quite without significance, writing down a few words here and there, finishing long before the bell, sitting thereafter in blissful anticipation of the promised afternoon at the drive-in, the promised Saturday at The Club. Bill had lent him ten dollars; that ought to do it. He'd pay back when he got his check for the week's work at Lester's. Of course, that depended on the term marks he received Friday, but he'd always gotten by with C's so far, sometimes even a B, like the time Joycie went over his long speech with him. And if he did miss a

The most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.

Montaigne

home wouldn't remedy; but *you* know, honey, I just *have* to look my *best* for *you*." On and on went the demands. He would have taken another garden job but that would have meant another afternoon away from Betty-Lee. One was bad enough.

So he first engineered at home a loan against his future allowance. Then when continued draining of this source began to raise arguments with Dad he was forced to think of something else. The fancied need for new socks, for a new ball-point pen, for binder paper, for bus tickets (Mom was a sucker); each in turn was exploited. Soon this source, too, dried up. Incredulity and skepticism met his latest demand to buy a camera. Dad said right out he didn't need a new one. My, life was hard! You'd think a person could have drawn a family that understood a man's needs. They just didn't care, that was all.

One bright spot remained in Jerry's lowering financial sky. There was always vacation the whole week before Christmas, and for two years he had held one of the jobs that local merchants offered students in good standing. This work had netted him a gratifying amount of summer money. In the past when they were children he and Joyce had managed to get much simple fun out of it dur-

few of these test questions—why, daily work counted a lot more, didn't it? He hadn't ever been absent . . .

Filing out of chemistry the last period of the day he was surprised to hear Joyce's voice beside him. She was smiling brightly.

"Won't be long now, Jerry." She hesitated. "Busy Saturday?"

"Yeah, sure. Goin' to Th' Club. Sorry." He frowned impatiently. "Look, I gotta go. See ya."

"See ya—" she echoed.

He pushed past her through the after-school bedlam. Had to hurry now. Betty-Lee would be waiting; he couldn't stop to chew the fat with Joyce. Queer kid, that. He'd hardly laid eyes on her lately; she never seemed to be around. Good thing she wasn't pulling a mad on him. He wouldn't have stood for it. Why, he and Joycie Robinson had known each other since they were babies. He'd taken her to all the parties, to movies and games. Till lately—well, so what? He caught sight of Betty-Lee tapping an impatient foot and hastened toward her with the dignity befitting a junior.

ON FRIDAY the blow fell. Second period Jerry got notice to see the Boss at once. When half an hour later he emerged it was with unbelieving but chastened mien. He had drawn three D's and one F on his fall term report card. And now his Christmas job would go to somebody else, somebody who had made the grade. Town merchants just wouldn't have a boy or girl who was failing at school.

He slumped weakly on a hall bench. No job. No money. And Betty-Lee? He raised his head. She at least was left him, she'd stand by, she'd restore his deflated ego. Wasn't so hot herself at lessons, just got by. Sure, that was good. He'd see her at lunch and they'd plan how to get along on his depleted income. It could be done.

At noon the two spread their sandwiches as usual on the junior bench and Jerry began between bites to revise their immediate plans.

"—so you see," he advised, "we'd better not bother with the

drive-in today. I've got to go slow a while. Not spend so much, I mean." He bit into a peanut butter sandwich. "Have some? Well—prob'lly I c'n get some other job, anyhow for afternoons. Have to pay Bill back what I borrowed and I owe my mother some, too. You know we bin hittin' the high spots for a while. Gas for the bus and all—"

He failed to note the lowering brows of his chosen one and plunged on. "That reminds me. Mom won't let me have the car after she sees this report card. Not that you'll care. We c'n have fun without it, huh?" He glanced at her. "You do understand, don't you, kid? Just let's go slow a few weeks till I get caught up. Wadda ya say?" He stammered uneasily. "Aw, Betty-Lee, talk to me. You're not m-mad, are you? Wadda've I done?"

She stared at him, eyes hot with angry surprise. She laughed roughly.

"What *haven't* you done, Jerry Winters? Here I've given you all my time and gone places with you and let you simply *m'nop'lize* me so I couldn't even *look* at another boy. And now," she was really sputtering, "now you tell me you can't have the car, you can't take me out, you can't spend money. Well, just let me tell you n-nobody *wants* your old car. Or you either."

She scraped the bench back violently and before Jerry could stop her, she was out the side door, to the glee of some ten dozen students who paused in their chattering to savor this new drama.

Thunderstruck, Jerry stumbled from his place to follow her, "Listen, wait a minute," he called.

She turned. "Go away, go back," she fumed, face ugly with rage. "I'm going to forget you ever lived. You don't know *anything*. You don't even talk right. Oh," she yelled, "I've been so *bored*. That poor old crate of yours and that silly family, always reading you the riot act and making you get home by midnight. Oh, you—you blunderbuss!" With this *coup de grace* she flounced off.

Jerry stared after her. His life was crumbling, his whole world

crashed. Thought stopped. Feeling congealed. Unseeing, he returned slowly to the building and dropped stricken on the hall bench which had been so recently the scene of his despair and of his hope.

He did not know when a quiet form slid along beside him; he did not see the eyes full of sympathy and courage that yearned over him, longed to comfort him. He heard neither the bustling mob around the lockers nor the familiar little voice that murmured, "Jerry, I'm here. Is there anything I can do?" Only when the bell rang did he feel compelled to stand up and let the crowd hustle him into his next class, where he crouched down in his seat, spent, and oblivious. This was it. This was the end. He would never look at a woman again. . . .

THAT AFTERNOON on arriving home he got into a pair of old jeans and mowed the lawn. He took clippers and went at the hedge, giving it a neat and even trim. He attacked weeds, filled a large basket, carried them down to the street for collection. By six o'clock and dinner he had become pleasantly grimy and—yes, hungry.

But could this be hunger? It wasn't possible. His heart was cold and dead; what good was food? He tried to toy with his dinner and did succeed in refusing his customary third helping. Then he dried dishes without being asked and went at once upstairs to his room from which no sound afterward emerged to reassure his unbelieving and startled parents. For Jerry was engaged in mortal combat. His soul was the prize. Silence and solitude were indicated. Stars wheeled in the night and meditation reigned.

Next day was Saturday. Jerry woke late and descended to the appetizing smell of his favorite cheese omelette. Naturally he wouldn't be able to eat it. Just a taste maybe, not to hurt Mom's feelings. Um-m, rolls set to rise over the stove. Lemon pies cooling. He poured a glass of milk, slouched into his chair, languidly

reached for the jelly doughnuts, pushed bites of omelette slowly around his plate. Wouldn't do to give in to this gnawing in his middle. It must be a cracked heart. It couldn't be hunger.

"What's on for tonight, Jerry?" asked Mom, coming to refill his glass with milk. "Party?"

Her son munched morosely. Till yesterday he had been going to The Club—

"Not tonight, Mom." He sighed lugubriously.

"Oh?" remarked his mother brightly. Silence.

"Might take in a show," he mumbled, folding his napkin with meticulous care. He pushed back his chair. Now she'd ask about his report card. She knew it was due. Then a hurt look, a lecture, the inevitable reminder that now he couldn't use the car.

But she was going on. "Oh, then there's no date on. That's good."

"Why?" suspiciously.

"Well, tonight's roast seems to be rather big and I thought it might be a good time to ask someone over. How about that?"

He grunted. "Suit yourself, Mom. Everybody I know is—I mean—is busy tonight." The Club! Daggers turned in the wound, for Betty-Lee had been at some pains after school yesterday to have him notice her getting in Ronald Andrew's new Chevvy with the club bunch. Now Mom'd want to know why . . .

"It's this way," Mom was saying, "Dad and I have been dreaming up a party. We might be lucky enough to find somebody who's not already dated." She poked aimlessly about in the knife drawer. "The point is, we're definitely not going out tonight. We won't need the car. I thought if we could collect a couple for dinner, perhaps you'd like a dinner guest, too. Robinsons, maybe. Then afterward you and Joyce could take in a show. All right?"

Jerry heaved a gusty sigh. He might as well get it over.

"Mom."

"Yes, dear?"—casually.

"My report card." He tossed it miserably on the table. "You see? now you won't lemme take the e—"

"My, look at that clock," his mother broke in with unaccustomed rudeness, "eleven already! I'll have to get downtown. Here," she fumbled in her handbag, "seems to me you did a lot of extra garden work yesterday." She handed him a bill. "Enough for tonight—show and drive-in? Here, Son, take it. I must really rush."

She hurried out of the kitchen, calling back, "Phone the Robinsons for me, will you, Jerry? About dinner. Six o'clock." And she was off to the garage.

Jerry stared down at the bill in his hand. He heard the engine start, the gears mesh. Then he came alive. Desperately he dashed to the front door, catapulted down the steps and arrived breathless in the street as the car gathered speed.

"Hey, Mom!"

"Forget something?" She stopped the car.

"Mom, listen now, my report card. Here, ya gotta look at it." He thrust the card before her eyes. "See? No—no car now, it's against rules."

She glanced at it, leaned from the driver's seat and tapped his cheek with a playful fist.

"Son," she remarked, "you've been having a bad time lately, haven't you? Study trouble? Maybe girl trouble?" He winced. How much did she know? "Well, I have news for you. Rules are off, Jerry.

As of today. You see," and her eyes were serious, "Dad and I talked last night and we decided you're old enough now to go by rules of your own. We think, too, that you're beginning to make a pretty fine man of yourself." She smiled. "We feel you do quite a good job on Jerry Winters. So, tonight we stay home, you get the car. Okay?"

JERRY STOOD STILL. Joy inarticulate lighted his face. The car! No strings on it! And she had called him a man! Life surged into his heart, washing away the hard lump that had been weighting him down, healing the sore hurt, restoring his faith in old familiar ways. A friendly, wistful little face swam before his eyes. Joyce. His old pal. How had he been so blind? Why, with Joyce a man could relax, could be himself. His mouth stretched in a wide grin.

"Oh, Mom, that's swell. Thanks." His hand lifted in a snap-py salute. "An' I got an idea. See ya," and he tore back up the driveway.

"Remember to phone the Robinsons," called Mom.

"Sure," he shouted exuberantly. "That's what I'm gonna do. They c'n bring Joyce, see, to dinner. Then you c'n all have a long visit an' I c'n," his voice cracked, "why, I c'n take in a show with Joyce!"



"FRANKLY, YES, FROM THIS CLOSE I CAN TELL IT'S A TOUPEE"

Fantissimo The Little Horse With Bells In His Heart (*MGM Children's Series*). The latest personality to be commandeered for children's recordings is Betty Garrett. And the only discordant note sounded with the charming Miss Garrett's first such release is "why wasn't she commandeered long before this as a toddler-set narrator?" So delightful, so well-paced, so intelligent is her narrating that one can but lament that this is not the tenth rather than the first of Betty's kid-disks. Her story (by talented Jill Jackson) is a warm, simple-yet-imaginative fantasy about "a little horse with bells in his heart" told in trippingly rhymed word and song. The tale is one with a quality about it which can make it a classic, and Betty's ingenuous voice and her obvious almost childlike enjoyment of her narrating task shape it into a memorable experience. The background by the way, has been allotted judiciously to a single piano, by Sy Miller. Allowing for inventive effects, it avoids the "blurring" that orchestral backgrounds sometimes bring to fragile tales like this.

Vaughn Monroe Plays Victor Herbert (*RCA Victor Album*). The rich, full-throated melodies of Victor Herbert are ideally suited to Vaughn Monroe's famous song delivery. Vaughn interprets "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life," from *Naughty Marietta*, and other selections from one of the great light opera composers of today and yesterday.

Freddy Martin Plays Jerome Kern (*RCA Victor Album*). The light, airy touch which characterizes Freddy Martin's music brings a new melodic enchantment to the works of Jerome Kern. The "Concerto King's" rendition of one of the most famous Kern classics, "Make Believe," highlights all its ingenious charm.

Bozo at the Circus (*Capitol Children's Album*). Capitol presents an entertaining story for children that is ingeniously synchronized with sight and sound. When Bozo, the Clown, blows his whistle it is the signal for the listener to turn a page. The book and the disc tell the story of the circus, and Bozo's jovial voice takes the juvenile listener on an exciting tour of the Big Top. Every animal is introduced. Stars of

By Joey Sasso

the side shows are heard. And through it all, the colorful circus band performs to lend realism to the setting. A child too young to read has no difficulty following the action as he watches the pictures and listens for Bozo's whistle and narration. Bozo, the Clown, is actually Pinto Colvig, a former circus clown whose versatile voice is featured in many of Walt Disney's film productions as "Goofy," "Pluto," the pup "Grumpy" and other famed Disney characters. In addition to Colvig, Billy Fletcher, who recorded the voice of "The Big Bad Wolf," for the Disney production, and Sara Berner, noted radio actress, are heard impersonating the various animals housed under the big tent. The script, by Walter Hannan, one of Hollywood's most talented young writers, was written on a theme conceived by Allen W. Livingston. The music throughout "Bozo at the Circus" has been composed, arranged and conducted by Billy May, radio conductor, who spent many months engaged in research. His use of the calliope ingeniously reflects the "feel" of the circus. Illustrations contained in this book are by the Axelson Studios of Hollywood, artists for many major companies and picture studios. Here, then, is a novel contribution to recording of which Capitol is proud; a combination that parents will find both entertaining and instructive for their youngsters. The band plays, the animals talk and Bozo tells the story.

How the Circus Learned to Smile (*RCA Victor "Little Nipper" Story-book Album*). Here's an exciting day at the circus—right in your own home! Real life animal noises, big-top music and a wonderful story about a clown, his smile and his friendship with a lion—all are brought you by zany Spike Jones. It magically catches all the hustle and tumult of the circus. Dancing bears, donkeys, elephants; and popcorn, lemonade and peanuts are sharply brought into focus as the tale unfolds. No happier choice of records could be made for the story-loving child.

The Merry Widow, Rise Stevens, mezzosoprano, and Dennis Morgan, tenor, with orchestra and chorus conducted by Max Rudolf (*Columbia Masterworks Album*). "In Marsovian," "Merry Widow Waltz," "Maxims," "My Marriage Will Be One Arranged," "Ladies'

Choice," "Woman," "Villa," "The Cavalier." Here is a version of the famous Lehar operetta which has been so abridged by Conductor Max Rudolf that it flows from scene to succeeding scene—so that instead of being mere excerpts from the operetta it is as nearly a complete presentation of the operetta as might be seen on the stage! It is this smooth completeness of this abridged version that puts the recording head and shoulders above any prior recording.

Most important, however, are the artists—Rise Stevens and Dennis Morgan. This pair of truly great operetta voices work together so well and fit the roles they are singing so well! It is certainly worth noting that both Miss Stevens and Mr. Morgan are extremely popular for their superb work in operas, operettas, radio, and the motion pictures.

Sammy Kaye Plays Irving Berlin (*RCA Victor Album*). Irving Berlin's melodies are always happiest when handled with a sympathetic, soothing touch, which is just what Sammy Kaye lends to the Berlin classic, "Blue Skies." The poetry and style of the orchestra are happily mated with Berlin's romantic melodies in this album.

Tommy Dorsey Plays Cole Porter (*RCA Victor Album*). Marking his fifteenth year as an RCA Victor recording artist, Tommy Dorsey's Cole Porter Album is one of the finest examples of unusual instrumental arrangement, extreme good taste and understanding treatment of standard songs with "Just One of Those Things" a stand-out selection.

Irish Suits, Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor (*RCA Victor Red Seal Album*). Commissioned by the Eire Society of Boston, Leroy Anderson composed a picturesque orchestral setting to Irish folk music and dedicated it to Arthur Fiedler, who conducted the Boston Pops in the first performance of the work in June, 1947. The two sons of Massachusetts caught the essence of Erin in six familiar airs, each of which mirrors a different segment of the Irish character.

"The Irish Washerwoman's" hearty exuberance pervades the springtily setting for this familiar tune, which takes the form of a bustling jig, which originated with the Irish and is inevitably associated with them. In severe contrast is the second air, the somber "Minstrel Boy," which ends with drums fading ominously into the distance. It is followed by the boisterous "Rakes of Mallow." The famous old "Wearing of the Green" is treated as a scherzo and played pizzicato throughout. Of the many transformations the ancient melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," has undergone, the one given it by Anderson, featuring solo violin, string and harp, is certainly one of the most exquisite. The suite is concluded with "The Girl I Left Behind Me," a song English by birth; Irish by adoption and best known in its Irish version.

Let B E L L S Ring

By

LOUISE

PRICE

BELL

AT THE NEW YEAR we sing "Ring out the Old, Ring in the New," on Memorial and Independence Days our thoughts turn to what the bells of freedom have always meant to us. School bells call the youngsters to their duties, church bells summon us to worship, wedding bells ring joyously, and Christmas bells remind us of "Peace on earth, Good Will to men." In other words, bells of all kinds are an integral part of the American way of life...symbolic of liberty and freedom. Then why not use a bell motif with a patriotic flare for that next party—whether you stage it around the New Year, or some national holiday. If you are the type hostess who likes to decorate your home for a party, you'll find bells of all sizes and types available for the purpose. Hang them from the ceiling, arrange flat ones in an effective frieze over the fireplace and in interesting ways on the buffet table. Use silver or gold, red, white and blue or any color that blends with the rest of your plans. No matter when you stage a fiesta with a bell motif, you can't go wrong by playing up liberty and Americanism.

Either "ring" your friends on the telephone, or mail inexpensive, made-at-home invitations, written on U. S. postal cards, with gummed bells pasted at the top. Or, write them on bells cut from white cardboard and write in ink. Invite your guests by rhyme, such as:

For a little relaxation

And perhaps a bit of swing

Just come around next Friday night

And our door-bell loudly ring!

Join forces with the Beckers

And plan a little skit

About Liberty... Bells... or Freedom,

(We know you'll make a hit!)

8:00 P.M.

Wally and Peg

222 Maple Drive

Since each invitation will tell the guests with whom they are to plan their "floor-show," there will be plenty of time before the party for these stunts to be

worked out and practiced. You can easily plan on these skits being the highlight of the party, for the subjects offer such a wide range of ideas. The "Four Freedoms" with perhaps the "Fifth Freedom" added would offer many ideas. "Take-offs on various political leaders will probably be popular choices, and since the liberty and freedom ideas may be facetiously applied to domestic life, amusing home scenes may be offered with hilarious results.

Conduct the "floor-shows" in a bona fide manner, and before the first skit is given, make a serious and dramatically eloquent speech, telling the group that the best skit is to win a prize. This will spur them to do their histrionic best. The prize should be something associated with liberty or bells. It could be a paper weight for men, in the form of the Statue of Liberty or the Liberty Bell, perhaps; while for the women, a bell-shaped lapel pin or compact would be appropriate, as would bell salt and pepper shakers. Give as a "booby" prize a current copy of *Liberty* magazine.

HERE IS A QUIZ about bells to test the players' knowledge. For prizes, again give some bell-shaped object such as mentioned above.

Bell Quiz

1. Where is the largest bell in the world?
2. What bell "tolls the knell of parting day"?
3. What bell is familiar to the farmer?
4. In Byron's "Don Juan" he speaks of:
"That all-softening, overpowering knell
That tocsin of the soul, the"
5. What bell is growing less used?
6. Where are bells used to determine time?
7. What old poem was used for "recitations" in Grandma's Day?
8. What famous bell do some of our "fighters for freedom" hear?
9. What flower is named after the bell?
10. What is a stupid person sometimes called?
11. Quote Tennyson on bells. . . .
12. What bells should be answered promptly?
13. Which bell is by far the most popular?
14. What is the most famous bell in America?
15. What bell causes everyone to jump about?
16. Finish this proverb: "A cracked bell can never"

17. What did Longfellow call bells in his "Bells of San Blas"?
18. What bell do youngsters dislike hearing?
19. The most unpopular bell of all is . . . ?
20. The title of a best-seller that mentions a bell is what?

Answers

1. Moscow—1931 tons.
2. Curfew.
3. Cow-bell.
4. Dinner-bell.
5. Street-car bell.
6. At sea.
7. "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight."
8. Big Ben.
9. Bell-flower.
10. Dumb-bell.
11. "Ring out wild bells to the wild sky" or "Ring

- out the old, ring in the new." "In Memoriam."
12. Door and telephone bells.
 13. Wedding bell.
 14. Liberty bell.
 15. Fire-bell.
 16. "Sound well."
 17. "The voice of the church."
 18. School-bell.
 19. Alarm-clock bell.
 20. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* by John Hemingway.

Refreshments may be as simple as bell peppers, stuffed with pimiento-dotted cottage cheese, then sliced on to crisp white lettuce and accompanied by bell-shaped sandwiches, generously spread with a delicious homemade filling. Serve steaming hot coffee and bell-shaped cookies or simple cakes covered with white frosting with a crack (such as the Liberty Bell has) made with chocolate icing, applied to cakes after white icing has hardened.

Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Directions for solving: Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. Large, long-tailed brilliantly-colored game bird

53 7 43 3 6 29 40 49

B. An infant's foot covering -----

117 50 69 110 104 60

C. A refrigerator; also, not so warm -----

138 86 36 118 96 70

D. Anyone having soft, whitish hair -----

57 82 61 79 71 63 84

E. Overgrown with weeds-----

F. Rope on which acrobats perform -----

102 137 119 123 42

G. One of the two wicked cities which God destroyed by fire -----

18 1 22 2 48 56 13 54 5

H. A country's Navy; also, swift in motion -----

46 92 72 55 77 83 34 19

I. The third day of the week -----

87 91 129 142 124

J. A dessert of frozen fruit juice -----

88 98 62 85 94 65 12

K. The other wicked city which God destroyed by fire -----

97 89 80 38 35 76 58

L. A game in which one side fails to score -----

120 135 108 125 113

M. Places for books -----

51 103 37 68 25 52 27

N. To ask someone to come, as to a party -----

31 47 73 33 128 116 99

111 66 141 127 130 122



(Solution on page 20.)

O. The successor of Moses, he led the Israelites into Canaan -----

95 114 112 131 45 15

P. A little broom for brushing clothes -----

81 100 140 121 64

Q. Something that destroys or impairs; also a plant disease -----

75 17 39 41 59 78

R. Part of an airplane -----

26 109 21 126

S. Fierce, dog-like wild animals -----

9 44 16 4 90 23

T. An invalid confined to his home, or bed -----

105 28 14 134 20 133

U. Injured, or damaged -----

24 132 136 74 8 11

V. An outdoor show of horse breaking, lariat throwing, etc. -----

93 32 67 139 101

W. Angry or enraged -----

107 115 106 30 10

STUDY GUIDE

on "When the Family Goes to Church"

I. Report on the article

Parents are confronted with the assertion that the family does not have a united experience of worship today. Competing interests, either for entertainment or recreation, have not helped families to make church-going a regular and popular habit. The church itself has not always stressed the value of family worship and has distributed interest among several groups.

Before there can be successful family attendance at church there must be a conditioning process established in the home. Recurring conflicts on the matter of church-going can be largely eliminated through early influences such as parental example, explanations of the importance of the church's task, and regular attendance.

The assertion that children get nothing out of a service is not entirely true. Parental conditioning can help children to understand the meaning of worship.

Church membership should be regarded as the goal of a united family. Children should be encouraged by older members of the family to make a decision. Church membership should be regarded by the family as a vital, continuing experience and not as a "Paid-up insurance policy for a good wholesome character and everlasting life."

II. Guiding principles suggested for different age groups

A. For pre-school children

1. Some parents feel that they do not want to take their children at such an early age. They are afraid the child will grow too restless or create a disturbance. A nursery group is the solution which some churches have employed. Here the child stays among his own little friends while the older members of the family attend service. If this is done there should be times set apart when the child is taken to a service and helped to feel that he is a part of the larger group.

2. It is always a good plan to make sure that the child and the minister are well acquainted. Let him feel that the man in the pulpit is a personal friend.

3. Parents can help to interpret the meaning of the various parts of the service in terms the child will understand.

B. For elementary school children

1. Some churches have a definite place in the order of service for a children's sermon. Excellent results have been obtained in some instances. It does tend

to break the continuity of the service when the children leave and also may establish a habit-pattern which is not beneficial.

2. Constructive comment upon the sermon, the music or some part of the service is helpful in arousing the child's interest.

3. Careful explanations of the meaning of various parts of the service should be given whenever questions arise. Patience and real interest will pay dividends in conduct and spiritual growth.

C. For adolescents

1. This is a period of religious susceptibility. Many adolescents have vital religious experiences which color their entire lives. Parents should be sympathetic to any spiritual interest.

2. The attention of the adolescent

parts of the service, and in the sermon should be expressed.

III. General Discussions

A. The idea has been advanced that there is a decided tendency in some churches to departmentalize the activities of its members. Do you agree that this is not wholly desirable?

B. How would you answer the question raised by Junior, "Why should I go to Sunday School and Church? Jimmie Jones's Mother doesn't make him go."

C. What should be your procedure as a parent if one of your children rebels at going to church, saying, "Well, why should I go when Dad doesn't?"

D. What arguments may be advanced in favor of having a Junior Church operating at the same time as a regular service? What reasons can you offer against the plan?

E. Can you give any reasons growing out of your own personal experience which show that children gain many fine impressions from church even at an early age?

F. The article emphasizes the need for impressing upon the various members of the family that church is important. What evidence would you advance in support of the idea?

G. When is the best time for a person to join the church? Is there any wisdom in a parent saying, "Dorothy can't be baptized this year because she is too young"?

IV. Adaptations or illustrations of the value of family worship which are not included in the article itself.

A. Some parents employ baby sitters to look after their small babies while they attend church. This obviously has its weak points if it means the baby sitter will not have a chance to go to church. The nursery arrangement or some other form of supervision should be worked out.

B. Regular habits of church attendance should be maintained. When one parent may stay home to take care of a sick member of the family, the others should be expected to go to church.

V. Additional resources

Beaven, Albert W. *Fireside Talks for the Family Circle*. Philadelphia: Judson Press, [n.d.]

Hayward, Percy Rand Myrtle H. *The Home and Christian Living*. Philadelphia: Westminister Press, 1931.

Sperry, Willard L. *What You Owe Your Child*. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1935.

Sweet, Herman J. *Opening The Door for God*. Philadelphia: Westminister Press, 1948.

When Children Come Along

plan to have a leader who may: **Conduct a Story Hour** (Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.)

Guide in Making Articles (Suggestions are frequently found in this magazine, the primary and junior story papers, or in books such as *Fun-time Crafts* by James Schwalbach.)

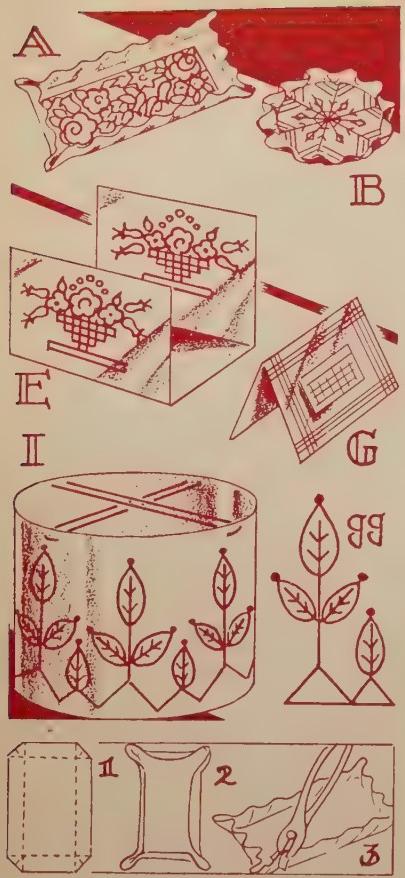
Direct Games (Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books such as *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Millen.)

Lead a Missionary Project (For information Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y., and Disciples to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 Downey Ave., Indianapolis 7, Indiana.)

should be drawn to the role of the church in modern life. He should be led to see it as a potent force operating at all levels of human experience.

3. An appreciation of beauty in the architecture of the church, in the various

Prepared by PAUL M. HUMPHREYS



HERE IS SOMETHING new in crafts, for the teenagers, young people, mothers and dads. Etching on sheet metal is interesting, and can produce useful and beautiful articles for home, school, yourself or your friends. Etched designs can be achieved in two ways, by scratching directly on the metal, or by "biting" with a chemical.

First, the metal. This can be purchased from your local tinsmith. For scratched etching, several metals will do, as tin, zinc or copper. For chemically-bitten etching you must have zinc or copper. Sheet metals come in various weights, but twelve-ounce is best. Sixteen ounce weight will do for most objects, but is a little too heavy for complicated bending and shaping. In any case use nothing over one-thirty-second of an inch thick. Somewhat thinner is better. Sixteen-ounce copper costs about seventy-five cents

a square foot, twelve-ounce weight about sixty cents. But by buying scraps you can get pieces for from ten to twenty-five cents. Zinc and tin are cheaper.

Any of these metals, even sixteen-ounce copper, can be cut with large-sized scissors. But be sure they are old, for a good pair will be ruined. Make something simple first, like blotter corners, figure L, a calendar mount like G, or book-ends like F, or a little tray like figure A. Cut a paper pattern first. For calendar mount G, this is a simple oblong like figure 5, measuring from four inches by six, to six inches by ten. Cut your sheet metal, tin, zinc or copper, this size. File rough edges. Do not fold until the etched design is completed.

Etching is done with a not too sharp-pointed tool, such as the points of small scissors, or a nail file. A penknife makes too fine and narrow a line. First draw the design with a soft sharpened lead pencil. Then etch straight lines by scratching along a metal-edged ruler held down very tight. Go over each line

Enter Etching

By

Verna
Grisier
McCully

several times, pressing and cutting it deeper. This method is used for figure G, B (pattern bb), C, H, J, K and L, as well as initials on D.

For book-ends like F, cut a pattern like figure 6, five inches by seven and one-half. Fold across, two and one-half inches from one end. Cut this end into three sections. See figures 6 and 7. Cut sheet metal accordingly. Etch the design, then bend as in figure 6. The outside tab is rolled up as in figure F. Use small pliers for bending.

Book-ends F are etched (before folding) by using a pair of dividers to make circles. Plot these on your paper pattern, then transfer to the metal with carbon paper, or by blacking the back of the paper with lithograph crayon, number 3. Etch the circles deeply by swinging the dividers round and round. Be sure one point is firmly anchored at the center. For a different design, make a small circle in the center, with concentric circles outside like ripples in a pool.

Thermometer mount H, is similar to the calendar mount, though thinner. Make a paper pattern to fit your thermometer tube. This tube is fastened to the metal by punching small holes with a nail, then tying wire through.

To make a small tray like A, cut sheet metal four inches by seven, or a similar size. Rule off sides three-quarters of an inch wide. At each corner mark a diagonal. Cut this off. See figure 1. Sides are bent up after etching is completed, with corners sticking out, as in figure 2. Then with pliers, padded with cotton or folds of paper, bend sides in and out. Work the pliers back and forth until a scalloped line results. See figure 3. A variation is in the basket, figure J, made somewhat larger and with shallower scallops.

Figure B is made from a circle of metal five to eight inches in diameter. Mark a rim three-quarters of an inch wide, with dividers. Then turn up the edge at quarter points around the circle, using pliers. Bend up the rest of the rim, working pliers back and forth to form a wavy edge. Figure C and D are folded like diagram 2, but with corners in. This type of corner works better with thin than with heavier metal.

LETTER HOLDER, figure E, is made of metal six inches by eleven. The front is three and one-half inches high, the back four and one-half, leaving a three-inch base between. Fold this after etching. Lamp shades are made of a single strip. The drum shade, figure I, is simply a rolled strip. Figure K is cut like diagram 4, then folded. Punch holes and tie shades together with thread wire of matching metal. Heavier wire pulled through from the sides, and crossing at center, holds the shade on.

Acid etching is fascinating and may be safely done by those in the upper teens, or older, but it is not a technique for children. Nor should it be done in the presence of small children or inquisitive pets. It is particularly interesting to anyone studying chemistry. It can be done only on zinc or copper, since a solution of nitric acid is applied to eat away some

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be,—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means; a very different thing.

Robert Browning

of the metal, thus forming a design. For copper, buy a thirty-three per cent solution from the druggist. Have him mix it. Fifteen cents' worth is enough. For zinc get a twenty-five per cent solution. Keep it always corked when not in use, and never allow it within reach of children, since it is poison.

Two methods can be followed to make an acid etching. One is to cover the metal with a thin film of paraffin. Melt it in a tin can and pour it quickly over the metal, placed on newspapers. When the wax hardens, smoke it by passing a lighted candle very quickly across the surface. Trace the design, as aa or ee, from a paper pattern, indenting slightly with the pencil point. Then along the traced lines, scoop the paraffin out, using a U-gouge made for wood or linoleum carving. Or make one by inserting a crow-quill drawing pen into its holder point first. Push the gouge along slowly, forming a trough which exposes the metal at the bottom.

To etch the design, place the metal, covered with carved paraffin, face up on several thicknesses of newspaper. Pour a little nitric acid solution into a glass container, such as a custard cup. Use a chicken wing feather as a brush, and spread the acid over the paraffined metal. Hold your nose up out of the fumes. Keep brushing the acid around. If it will not spread, spit on it! Saliva, strangely, does the trick. Soon the acid will burn slightly white on zinc, or greenish on copper. This means it is biting. Continue brushing with the feather. Add a little acid from time to time. With this weak solution it will take at least half an hour for copper to be etched, somewhat less for zinc. Then blot off the acid with facial tissue. Remove the paraffin by dipping in hot water. Your design will show, etched away and frosty against the original shiny surface.

When finished, pour lots of water into the remaining acid and throw all of it away, out of doors, not down the plumbing.

A SECOND WAY of waxing metal for acid etching, is to draw the design firmly with lithograph pencil, number 3. This can be purchased at an art-supply store. Black out the background by rubbing the pencil over heavily, as shown by the black around patterns aa and ee. Bite with acid as already described. Wash off lithograph pencil with naphtha. Dilute and throw away all remaining acid.

A Mother Faces Prejudice

(From page 23.)

year-old girl to earn some of her spending money.

Fred was telling the story of the candy and devouring it rapidly when a visitor came in. The visitor asked, "Is Jane a white girl and is she from Georgia, too?" Some unhealed hurt from long ago colored the tone of her voice as she asked the question.

"Yes," replied Fred. "Does this make a difference?"

"A whale of a difference with me," answered the visitor. "I would not spend my money buying anything from a Georgia Cracker."

Susan's heart cried out for wisdom and understanding in a time like this. She thought how tragic it was that the arrows of the oppressor and the oppressed were sometimes equally loaded with poison. If only she could spare Fred this!

John Minot looked at his son's painfully flushed face. "Fred, this is the best candy I've had for a long time. Do ask your mother to purchase some whenever we have guests. It will be especially nice to have some when we entertain the foreign students next week. I've met Jane and her mother at the school bazaar. They are some of the nicest people I know."

THE HUGE GYMNASIUM was packed to capacity. Two of the top ranking basketball teams in the nation were playing that evening. The game was fast and exciting. Many personal fouls were called. The greater number of star players on the winning team were students of Jewish background. Thirteen-year-old Fred was elated over his home-town victory, yet, he seemed unusually quiet and downcast when he reached home after the game.

"Mother," he said, "some of the things I've heard at the game and on the way home, left me speechless.

Jews are bad sports."

Jews don't have good manners."

Jews cheat; that is why they are rich and own most of the money in the United States." What can I say when I hear things like these?"

**Remember, the more ignorant
we are the less use God has for
us.**

George Washington Carver

"There are times when some people are so unreasonable in their blind prejudices," said Susan, "that silence is the most eloquent answer. The important thing for us is that we seek to know the truth, and that we try to understand why some people in many groups of the human family are perhaps a bit different.

"Do you remember the morning on the subway when we saw four very queerly dressed, long-haired, loud Negro boys? You sat with your eyes almost glued on them. You asked why they were so loud and funny looking. I told you they were what some people call 'Zoot-Suiters.'

"When we reached home we looked up the word 'ghetto.' We talked about what the ghettos in America or any place in the world can do to some of the people who must live in them."

Susan then told Fred the story of Leopold Infeld,¹ who was co-author with Einstein of a book on physics for the lay reader. Infeld tells the story of his life in Poland, and ends the story as he sat outside a wayside inn in New England, waiting for his wife to make room reservations for them. Infeld dared not go to the inn himself until after the reservation had been confirmed. As some people would say, he looked too "Jewish."

Susan went on with the story of how Leopold had met and married Halina, who had come from a well-to-do remote-from-the-Ghetto Jewish family. Once he recalled to her their first meeting, and he had behaved so noisily and so badly. She remembered and said that kind of behavior came from unfulfilled ambitions, and an unhappy life. Infeld began to understand his own reactions to a world whose hostility he had learned to expect—the "Ghetto complex."

¹The Evolution of a Scientist, Leopold Infeld. New York: Doubleday Company, 1941.

"I have seen you reading recently the life story of the young physician who helped perfect blood plasma used during the last war," Susan continued. "From this story you have learned something of what the scientists discovered about human blood. The scientists have just begun to learn what a very wise man knew long ago." Susan began to read—"And both made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." (Acts 17:26.)

"Your teacher says that you have children of fifteen different nationality backgrounds in your class—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish. You have brought some of all the fifteen home with you, I am sure. You know what fun each one has been. You are a fortunate boy to have the privilege of learning while you are young, how lovely some of all God's children can be."

It's Not Your Home Work But . . .

(From page 30.)

To avoid such tragedies, parents must first cast out the beams which are in their own eyes. This means facing up to problems of economic insecurity, family maladjustments and, as in Sam's case, matters that go as deep as life itself.

When parents achieve—not solutions, necessarily, but—a mature approach to their problems, they are equipped to help their children achieve the same kind of maturity. When a parent has put his own house in order, the answers to his child's difficulties are usually not very far away.

For what it's worth, here's one teacher's advice to the parents of a child who is doing inferior work in school, despite the fact that he has no unusual learning handicap:

1) Where emotional problems exist, help your child by solving your own emotional problems. 2) Where indifference to school exists, help your child by showing a sincere interest in his work. 3) Where study habits are bad, help your child improve them.

But leave the homework to the child himself.



Books for the Hearth Side

Foreign Mission Study Series

By Genevieve Brown

To many Americans the lands of the Near East are vague patches of dusty brown desert on a map, and the people romantic dark-skinned figures in flowing robes riding camels and subsisting on occasional handfuls of dates. This year's foreign mission study offers us an opportunity to learn more of these countries which stretch from Morocco to the eastern boundary of Iran: to know the people as human beings, our neighbors; to understand the problems and needs of their nations. The Friendship Press, publishing house of the major Protestant church bodies in the field of missionary education, has produced for this study a series of vital books, each one attractive in design and format, interesting, illuminating, authoritative.



Near East Panorama, by Glora M. Wysner, brings to the adult reader a wealth of information about the vast and tumultuous area of the Near East. People come first in the consideration of this author, and here are intimate illustrations of how they live and what their problems are. With keen Christian insight and a deep concern for their effect upon the lives of the people, Dr. Wysner examines social, political, economic, and religious issues confronting the various countries today—communism, foreign business interests, the Palestine question, poverty, education, political changes, religious tensions. As Protestant Christian missions have had a significant influence upon life in the Near East in the past, they have a continuing role to play in today's changing scene. Unusual art work and artistic design make this a beautiful book. (Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.)



James Batal, newspaper man of Lebanese parentage, went to the land of his ancestors on a government mission. He was so impressed with the evidences of Protestant missions in the countries in the Near East which he visited that he set out to learn more about them. What made these men and women give their lives for the sake of "a seemingly unattainable goal—the spreading of Christian doctrine among millions of dogmatically zealous Moslems"? **Assignment: Near East** is the report of what he found, every page human and dramatic, from the story of Pliny Fisk and Levi Parsons, first American Protestant missionaries, to the final challenge "Whose Assignment Now?" The book is handsomely illustrated by photographs, and has a tipped-in colored map. Written primarily for youth, adults will enjoy it, too. (Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.75.)



In **Introducing Islam**, Dr. J. Christy Wilson reviews for the average reader in sixty-four brief pages the history, beliefs, practices, and world-wide sweep of Islam, the religion of the prophet Mohammed. He then proceeds to point out the validity of the Christian mission to Islam and records the testimony of a number of former Moslems as to what they have found in Christ. A map of the Moslem World and many diversified photographs of Moslem people make this a most

useful booklet for the general reader and for teachers. (60 cents.)



Pearls Are Made, by Ann M. Harrison, is an appealing story of teen-age youth in Arabia, where the author and her husband, the renowned Dr. Paul Harrison, spent many years as medical missionaries. Young Donna and her brother Hasan, children of a pearl merchant, glimpse a new and inviting life when their mother is taken for treatment to a Christian hospital. Gradually, though not without some difficulty and heart-break, they are allowed to cast off traditional customs and inhibitions and life takes on new meaning. A lost will and shattered family fortunes lend a dash of excitement to the story. (Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.75.)



Desert Doctor, by Constance Hallock, tells briefly the challenging story of Paul Harrison of Arabia. "If you can convince me that Arabia is the hardest mission field there is, I will go," said the medical student at Johns Hopkins to the visiting missionary. So the tall young man from Nebraska turned his back upon a promising career in America and set out for Arabia to conquer disease and to win men's hearts. For thirty-eight years he did both. Put this 15-cent booklet into the hands of teen agers. It will give them ideas about how their own lifework should be determined.



They Live in Bible Lands, by Grace W. McGavran, is a unique book for juniors that will make the lands of the Bible come to life for them. There are seven short stories about boys and girls in Bible lands today, each in a different country, each with a distinctive Christian message. Musa and Ali go to a Christian camp near Beirut. Yusef and Amin attend church in Bethlehem on Christmas Eve. Bulus, Christian boy of Jerusalem, and Mahmud, Moslem youth, become friends "for keeps." Each story is preceded by a short factual section on the country of the story as it was in Bible times and as it is today. Suggested Bible readings are designed to help children link the past with the present. This book has unusual possibilities for home reading and for teaching. (Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.75.)



The Thirsty Village, written and charmingly illustrated by Dorothy Blatter, is the story of Jirjis, a little Christian boy in Lebanon, and Ahmed, a Moslem lad, who becomes his "blood brother" in spite of the enmity between their villages. Together they have thrilling adventures. They learn from a certain story in a wonderful book what it means to be a good neighbor. And when they eventually help make possible a new supply of water for their two thirsty villages, the people in the villages learn how to be neighbors, too. Boys and girls of primary age will love this story. (Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.75.)



Living Water, by Jessie Powell, is a play, but a play which makes good reading. It opens up to the reader a rich background of life in a Moslem family of the provincial Near East, and reveals the transforming power of Christianity within the Moslem heart. The play deals with the arranged marriage between Zeinab, daughter of Omar, the mullah of the village, and Jafar, rich but unscrupulous merchant. The revolt against the marriage begins with a Bible which introduces to Omar's household ideas that clash with the accepted social pattern of Islam. A three-act play, this is somewhat long for production by most church groups, but it will be useful for individual and group reading, for cuttings for brief dramatizations, and for discussion purposes. (50 cents.)

What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life



THE NEW YEAR opens new opportunities in ways of planning and conducting Christian family life education, and insights are broadened by wider appeals. The present program may be modified or enlarged and new methods may be found for helping homes in their educational activities. Extended horizons or new approaches may come from knowing how other churches plan and carry out phases related to the home in their educational program. In addition to the items reported here it is recommended that one look back to this page of *Hearthstone* for the past year for suggestions as to how other churches have planned and featured Christian family life in their churches. Among these suggestions may be found elements that would fit into your church program or be easily adapted to it.

Parent Education Successful for Three Years

A program initiated three years ago in one of the churches near Morgan Park, Chicago, Illinois has proved to be an effective means of parent education. The plan was sponsored in the beginning by one of the adult classes (the Come-Double-Class) of the Sunday church school. This program began as a community project and while related to and sponsored by a church group it was administered by its own officers and built its program with the community sharing with the church in planning the themes and in choosing the leader. As the plan developed it became more closely related to the church program and at the end of three years had become an integral part of it through the women's organization of the church. Throughout it has been a study group, conducted for both men and women. Its meetings have been held on week-day evenings once monthly for eight months—October through May—during the school year. The M'sy meeting in 1950 was held as family church night. The promotion of this study course was made through the church and the community. Notices of the meetings were sent to members of the Parent Teachers Association of the vicinity.

During the three years this study group has been led by Mrs. Sora Loeb, a recognized leader from outside of the immediate community. As an experienced leader she received remuneration for her services. In order to provide for this, those registered in the course paid three dollars for the series of eight monthly meetings or fifty cents for one lecture. This guaranteed permanency for the meetings of the year and

By J. D. Montgomery

placed persons of the community on an equal basis of support with those of the church. During the three years a consistent program was carried out with a different emphasis each year. As an example of this yearly emphasis, the study for the second year was on the theme of behavior problems of children. The third year the emphasis was on the use of leisure time, including the relation of the home to the activities of boy and girl scouts, the importance of the study of music for children, hobbies, recreation, etc.

This program of parent education will be continued in a similar way during the coming year. The subject for study will be the relationship between husband and wife with a new leader in charge of the course. The plan provides for fewer meetings which will be conducted without charge and will be held in connection with the family night dinners at the church.

Family Week End Camp

One of the churches in Louisville, Kentucky held a family week end camp for its congregation June 16-18, 1950, at a Y. M. C. A. camp ground just out of Louisville. This first adventure proved to be a successful and rewarding project in family relations and has pointed the way for future camps which may be held by this or other congregations. Inspiration for this two day camp as well as insights into plans for the program had been received from a week long family camp held in the summer of 1949.

Sixty-five persons from two years of age to grandparents were in attendance from this congregation. They spent two full days together in this camp experience, from 5:00 P.M., Friday to 5:00 P.M., Sunday, in varied activities, including study, worship, recreation, and fellowship. The plan for this two day camp was built around the idea that families would carry on activities as families. The two evening vespers and the Sunday morning worship were for the entire group, led by families of the camp. Each morning a period was arranged when the children were con-

ducted on a nature walk or in small groups for a "Thank-You" time. Afternoon recreation included boating, fishing, swimming, softball and other sports in which families participated as families. The craft shop was open all day Saturday for individual or family projects. Each evening there was a period of family fun followed by movies after which the children were put to bed with someone to care for them while the parents enjoyed another period of fellowship and recreation.

For two periods during the mornings, members of the camp were divided into age groups. The parents were in discussion groups studying themes of challenge and interest, while the children with their leaders were in respective age groups for games, stories, movies and craft activities.

The planning of this family week end camp, as re-

ported by Mrs. Martha F. Johnson, was begun several months in advance with details having been worked out carefully before the camp opened. The initial plans were made in November of 1949 when three couples were named by one of the church committees to plan the program for a family week end camp. This small group held monthly meetings during the early part of 1950 to work out the program and get the details under way. As the plans developed one couple took the lead in planning the program and the age group sessions. Another couple accepted the responsibility of the publicity, registrations and the camp arrangements. The third couple was in charge of recreation and arts and crafts. This provided a well planned program for a two day camp and resulted in a happy and successful experience for families fortunate to attend.

Woodrow Wilson, Product of a Christian Home

(From page 3.)

settle down to his life work. Going to Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, he spent two years in the study of history and political economy. After a while he was able to write a book entitled *Congressional Government*, and immediately after its publication he began to receive offers of professorships in various colleges. Now that he had fully prepared, he could embark upon his life career. Now he could "enter public life and serve in great causes."

Woodrow Wilson accepted a teaching post at Byrn Mawr, near Philadelphia. Thither came Miss Ellen Axson, and they were married. After two years Princeton called him as teacher of law and politics. He was now moving fast toward his great success. He was admired by the students and his classes were very large. Outside Princeton he became known as an inspiring lecturer; also, he began to write more books. Twelve busy years passed, and then, in 1902, the authorities at Princeton asked, Why would not this fine scholar and leader be a good president for the school? And he was chosen. But the new president had some ideas. He wanted to reform Princeton, making it more democratic. Finally, in 1910, he was practically dismissed. But fate had not deserted the great man.

There was another post waiting for him. New Jersey needed a good governor to reform the state. He was nominated and elected, and he set about at once to get rid of the bosses; he pledged himself to work for cleanliness and justice to all.

In 1912 the time was approaching for nominating a President, and it was natural that many Democrats who had watched his career should think of Woodrow Wilson as the right man. He was nominated and in the election of 1912 he was elected President, receiving four-fifths of the electoral votes. So the American people had decided that Woodrow Wilson was the man to lead them at a difficult period in history.

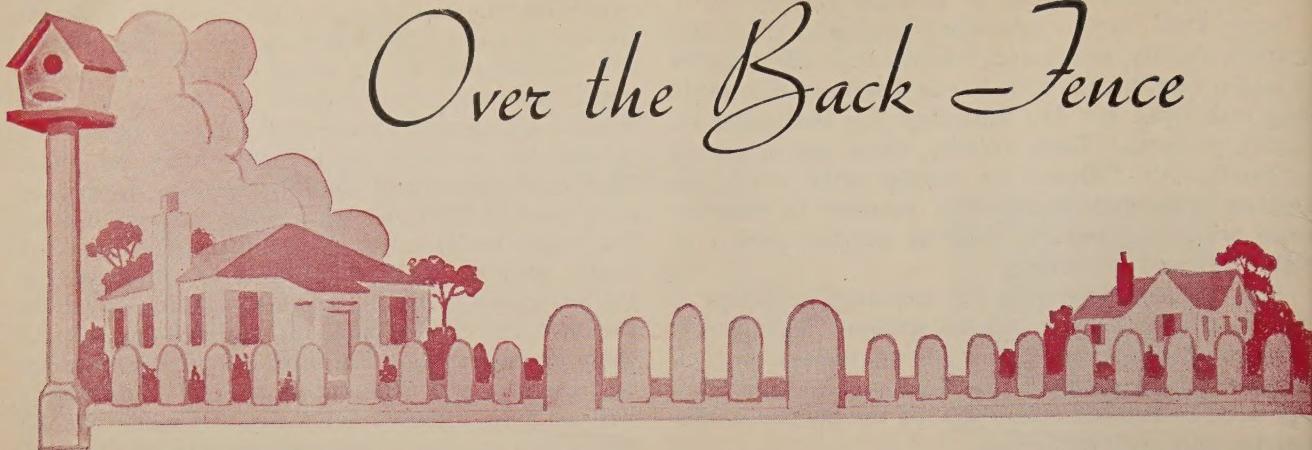
Many pages might be given to the reforms of President Wilson's two administrations. He was determined to carry into effect the ideals he had learned in his Christian home, to make America a fit place for men to dwell in. But during the second year of his leadership came the great war in Europe, and the American President had thrown upon him many grave problems. Many influential leaders urged him to take his country into the war to save the civilized world. But he held back; he believed that he could serve to bring peace again to Europe. Finally, early in 1917, soon after the President had delivered his Second Inaugural, the die was cast and America entered the great conflict. The President called his countrymen "to fight for the ultimate

peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples." America did save the day for freedom, for after a number of fierce battles, an armistice came and the world took new courage.

AND NOW WOODROW WILSON saw his opportunity to build a new world—of freedom and justice, of the righteousness he had heard his minister father preach about. And he took to Europe his high ideals. He had a great vision. But the realists could not see it his way. They called him a dreamer. And the peace was lost. The great crusader, defeated in his purposes by some of his own countrymen, fell—a true martyr. His famous "Fourteen Points" failed to lead humanity into a new era. Had they been accepted, there is little doubt that the world would have been saved from the Second World War.

Did Woodrow Wilson fail? Not at all. One of his friends, who saw him stricken, testified that the President kept saying to him: "They can't fight God! They can't fight God!" And the vision of Woodrow Wilson, the magnificent dreamer, is not dead. It will yet lead the world to peace and brotherhood.

A great life! And that life was nurtured in a Christian home. His ideals were Christian ideals which he learned from a devoted father and mother.



At the Gates of the Year

1951, the first year of the last half of the Twentieth Century, is with us. What does it hold for us? What does the half century have in store for civilization? We do not know. Nobody knows.

However, it is not beyond the realm of possibility that science has put into man's hand the power that could mean the destruction of civilization as we know it. There has been a veritable rash of writers recently attempting to portray what life would be like A.A.D.—After Atomic Destruction. *Hearthstone* considers such a prospect—the complete annihilation of the human race—as very, very improbable.

Suppose, however, that worst should come to worst. What if the next fifty years would wind up the history of mankind on earth in a blaze of atomic and hydrogenic fire? With what mood, facing such a possibility, shall we enter into 1951?

Here are *Hearthstone*'s affirmations to be nailed upon the gateposts of the new year:

Faith is better than fear

Belief is nobler than doubt

Confidence and trust in one's fellowmen is finer than suspicion and distrust

Brotherliness is more Christian than prejudice

Jesus the Christ is still the answer to the world's need

This is still our Father's world.

How Important Is the Teacher?

Most citizens of the U.S.A. would be quick to say that the teacher is close to the top if not at the top in importance to our way of life. We boast of our educational system as the best in the world and the teacher is, of course, the foundation of that system.

One proof that we consider the teacher very important is the fact that we pay him at a higher rate than any other country in the world, an average of \$53 per week. Switzerland, South Africa and Sweden are the only countries that come near this amount, paying \$45, \$40, and \$38 respectively.

Our complacency is short-lived when we consider a few other figures, however. By this test, rate of

pay, we evidently think the skilled worker is much more important to our society than the teacher for we pay the former \$60 per week. This is the case in spite of the fact that it costs the teacher much more in time and money to prepare for his vocation than it does the skilled worker.

On this basis the three other named countries have a better score than the United States. Skilled workers in those lands receive \$34, \$30, and \$25 respectively.

Most disturbing of all, however, are the figures for U.S.S.R. In total amount received Russian teachers and skilled workers are paid much less than ours. But if wages paid are a mark of Russia's belief in the importance of her teachers then we cannot match her record. In Russia teachers receive \$17.50 per week while her skilled workers receive only \$10.00 weekly.

There are many arguments that can be brought up to "defend" or to "explain" this situation. *Hearthstone* believes it knows most of them and can sympathize to some extent with them. But we are still disturbed.

It has been said many times by many people that the most important battle today is the one for the minds of men. Yet it seems to us that by our actions we are really saying that the production of things is more important than the creation of ideas. We seem to be acting upon the basis that it doesn't matter much what happens to men's minds as long as their bodies are well clothed and fed and provided with all the physical comforts and fascinating gadgets that the skilled worker can produce.

Hearthstone does not think that communism can defeat democracy in the struggle for men's minds. We are sure that the communist attempt to fetter the free spirit of man is contrary to the "stars in their courses."

But we are afraid that democracy will be handicapped unless we do prove by our actions that we really do believe that teachers of democracy are more vital to our society than hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Look



Coming in "Hearthstone"

FEBRUARY . . .

- *"A HEARTHSTONE in Your Home" by Lois S. Smith
- "What My Home Meant to Me" by Agnes Lind
- "Husband—or Man Around the House?" by Florence Kerigan
- "Spiritual Foundations for Better Homes" by Paul Milton Humphreys
- "Fun for "Stay-in" Days by Vera Channels
- "On February 14th!" by Louise Price Bell
- "Marie Curie, Discoverer of Radium" by Thomas Curtis Clark
- "How to Make the Bible Your Own" by Thomas Moye
- "They Picked Up Their Kitchens" by Dorothy C. Haskin
- "Imitation Inlay" by Eleanor Head
- "Love, Devotion, Security in the Home" by Katherine Berle Stains
- "Our Father" by Mabel Niedermeyer McCaw
- "The Flag That Grew" by Annie Sills Brooks
- "Tea at Ten" by Nancy Brewer

MARCH . . .

- *"The Family Works Together" by Doris Clore Demaree
- "When Your Child Joins the Church" by Jessie B. Carlson
- "My Child Died" by Helen McCreary Miller
- "Sunday Night Suppers by the Children" by Edith R. Cook and Janet Cook Holmes
- "Henry Ford, Genius and Great Heart" by Thomas Curtis Clark
- "Is the Job That Important?" by Lester G. McAllister
- "St. Patrick Shindig" by Louise Price Bell
- "What Has Become of the Family Bible?" by James B. Stevenson
- "Absentee Fathers" by Martha and George Taylor
- "Christian Influences in Family Life" by J. Paul Faust
- "Does Your Family Work Together?" by Doris Clore Demaree
- "Youngsters Love Easter" by Louise Price
- "Cuddle Bear Gives and Takes" by Anne Halladay
- "The Birthday Party" by Jessie B. Carlson

APRIL . . .

- *"How to Spend the Family Income" by Margaret S. Ward
- "Give Youth a Good Environment" by Russell E. Brown
- "Theodore Roosevelt, Crusader for Righteousness" by Thomas Curtis Clark
- "Match Box Village" by Verna Grisier McCully
- "We Resettle Our First Family" by Ewald Mand
- "Parental Pampering" by Wayne C. Clark
- "Birthdays Are Important" by Louise Price Bell
- "The Golden Mold" (the story of the wonder drug Aureomycin)
- "The Lowdown on Greatgramma" by Hazel Haug
- "Dreams for Danny" by Mary B. Butchart
- *Monthly article complete with study guide to be used in Hearthstone Fellowship (or Parents') Groups.

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